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THE ENIGMA OF EUROPE: "IL DUCE," WHO LATELY MADE A PRONOUNCEMENT ON THE FUTURE OF FASCISM—
THE HEAD OF A FINE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF SIGNOR MUSSOLINI.

Signor Mussolini recently resigned seven of the nine Ministerial portfolios he had hitherto held, retaining only those of Prime Minister and Minister for Home Affairs. The Ministries resigned were those of Foreign Affairs, War, Marine, Aviation, Colonies, Public Works, and Corporations (Labour). On September 14, at the National Fascist Assembly, he made an important speech which has been described as "a milestone in the progress of Fascism" and likely to have a profound effect on its future development. He ridiculed the rumours of self-

suppression of the party, but declared that its future lay "in the conscious, definite, and solemn subordination of the party to the State." The Grand Council is to be reduced in numbers, and the Secretary of the Fascist Party and Federal Secretaries to be appointed respectively by the King and Prime Minister. Signor Mussolini's policy is said to be to "rivet on the passive body of 40,000,000 citizens the permanent domination of the Fascist Party, which contains not much more than 1,000,000 adult males." The equestrian statue is illustrated on page 486.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MOST of us, I suppose, have played the parlour game of wondering what we should do with our money, on the fantastic supposition that we ever had any. On the surface, some of the answers to the question are simple enough. Philanthropists would give it to the deserving poor; Christians would give it to the undeserving poor. For the first thought of the Christians, if they really were Christians, would be that they themselves were examples of the undeserving rich. Pagans, if they really were pagans, would presumably enjoy it and have a jolly time; though in fact this is hardly ever done. It is obvious that the answer to the question is not really so simple as that. Something happens to people when they become rich; and what happens generally is that they worry on a large scale instead of worrying on a small one. They haggle with a hundred people, instead of haggling with two or three people. Then there are all sorts of other curious effects of illusion and distortion. If you and I were suddenly left a legacy of two million a year from nowhere in particular, it is by no means certain what we should do first. It appears, by analogy, that we should begin by saying that we had gained every penny of our money by industry, sobriety, business methods and abstinence from alcohol. It appears that we should then go on to purchase something obviously worthless and idiotic, such as a peerage, or a priceless trinket or curiosity, in which we took no intelligent interest whatever. That is, at least, the way in which most millionaires do actually go on. We cannot imagine why they should waste their money in this way; but then you and I are still poor, virtuous, and intelligent. But, whatever be the solution of this riddle, it is worth while to note that there are ways of getting rid of wealth that have never been tried and might possibly be useful. One of them might be described (since it is now necessary to make any such suggestion in capital letters and call it a Slogan) as Pensioning Off the Pests.

Returning for a moment to the dreadful subject of the deserving poor, it might be thought obvious that the millionaire ought to give his money, or more probably leave his money, to particular people whom he knows to be making a good fight for their family and their honour. As a matter of fact, of course, the millionaire never does do even this. The millionaire leaves his money to other millionaires. God alone knows why. But the natural course would be to leave it to poorer people who would make a good use of it. But this view, though natural, is superficial. People of that kind would generally be happy enough, if their lives were not poisoned by people of another kind. My ideal millionaire, who would of course have hundreds of highly paid spies investigating the domestic life of his neighbours, would soon discover an almost universal social truth. In almost every family or circle of friends there is somebody so selfish or so silly or so exacting as to devour the days and destroy the vitality of better people. It is generally a case of egoism; often a case of hysteria. But it is generally a rather subtle case; and the bonds that bind the egoist to the altruists are delicate and difficult to break. It is often an economic question; the problem of perpetually discussing the affairs and patching up the monetary difficulties of impossible people.

Now a really delicate and imaginative philanthropist would thread his way through life, selecting and settling such cases with munificent endowments which would satisfy even such persons. He would provide the Pest with a magnificent mansion, with a beautiful estate, situated at a considerable distance from the family. To Aunt Susan he would toss a luxuriant island in the Canaries. For Cousin James he would provide a romantic castle on a sublime but almost inaccessible slope of the Apennines. To the lady whom the world has always misunderstood, in spite of her prolonged explanations, he would give a huge sum of money on condition of her remaining in a charming villa in the neighbourhood of Cape Horn. To the gentleman with a series of financial projects, which he offers to his special friends as special favours, he would give a real gold-mine and have done with it, on the understanding that the

how exactly the same arguments could be used, and probably soon will be used, as apologies for Murder. If it is true that we may sometimes solve a social problem by breaking a vow, it is equally true that we might often solve it by cutting a throat. If the immediate relaxation of an individual strain justifies everything, then Aunt Susan is indeed in danger, and the life of Cousin James trembles in the balance. For it is not true that the claims of these people on other people are necessarily compulsory or legal or even economic. They are often psychological bonds that could really be only loosened by death. They arise quite as much from the unselfishness of the one party as from the selfishness of the other. They would be solved if a third party, a benevolent and altruistic assassin, stepped in and swiftly, let us hope painlessly, eliminated the difficulty.

Now we already hear on all sides the first whispers of an apology for taking life. In America, where things are seldom said in a whisper, the apology is not even apologetic. English people are naturally more good-natured; and it is highly characteristic of them that they propose to murder only out of good-nature. The cases in which it is already defended here are cases of putting people out of their pain or ending incurable maladies. I think the doctrine very dangerous myself, but I am not discussing that particular doctrine here. Anybody must surely admit that it is naked murder if done upon the opinion of the murderer; and I am very doubtful about it, even from a humanitarian standpoint, if done with the consent of the murdered. Many a person seasick in the Channel has verified the famous description: that he is first afraid he will die and then afraid he won't. A lady I knew, when asked by the steward if he could do anything for her, replied "Nothing, except throw me overboard." But she lived afterwards to a happy and serene old age; and I think she was glad he had not carried out her instructions, or acted on the principles of the new scientific morality.

In short, if we are to have all this new moral pathology, it must be met with a new philanthropy, or it will be met with an unpleasantly new philosophy; a new moral philosophy, or, rather, immoral philosophy. If we are to insist, as do all the realistic novelists and rationalistic moralists, on a wild and exaggerated casuistry of hard cases, we must be prepared for men sooner or later settling those hard cases, as they have so often done in history, with poison and with poignards. For under the smooth legal surface of our society there are already moving very lawless things. We are always near the breaking-point when we care only for what is legal and nothing for what is lawful. Unless we have a moral principle about such delicate matters as marriage and murder, the whole world will become a welter of exceptions with no rules. There will be so many hard cases that everything will go soft. I do not insist on my suggestion of a benevolent millionaire paying off those people who seem naturally designed to be murdered. But I do insist that they will be murdered, sooner or later, if we accept in every department the principle of the easiest way out.



AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF SIGNOR MUSSOLINI: A COLOSSAL WORK WHICH MAY BE COMPARED WITH THE MUCH-DISCUSSED HAIG MEMORIAL.

As noted on our front page, where the head of the above statue is illustrated, Signor Mussolini has again arrested the attention of Europe by his pronouncement on changes in the Fascist régime, and by his resignation of seven of his nine Ministerial offices. He remains Premier and Minister for Home Affairs. Another recent item of news about him was of a domestic character—the baptism of his infant daughter, whose birth was announced here on September 3. The above equestrian statue, which, incidentally, provides material for comparison in connection with the Haig Memorial controversy, is the work of the well-known Italian sculptor, Giuseppe Graziosi, of Florence, who is seen standing (third from left) next to the Mayor of Bologna, Signor Arpinati, the originator of the monument. The photograph was taken in the hall of the Florentine Academy of Fine Arts. The bronze statue to be made from the plaster cast will stand on the Littoriale at Bologna. The Duce is represented by the sculptor in the uniform of the Fascist Militia.

gentleman should really devote himself to mining. A few of these fortunate disappearances, a few of these happy gaps in the family circle, would probably enable scores of sensible and kind-hearted people to enjoy their own lives and get on with their own jobs. For there are not many of these maniacs. What is astonishing is the power and range of their raging selfishness. Two or three really intelligent millionaires between them could dispose of the lot. Only there are not two or three intelligent millionaires. If they were intelligent, they would have something better to do than to become millionaires.

Among the minor advantages I would claim for my modest scheme is the fact that it would be a humane alternative to Murder; which seems otherwise likely to be on the increase. It always amuses me to read the modern attacks upon Marriage, and observe

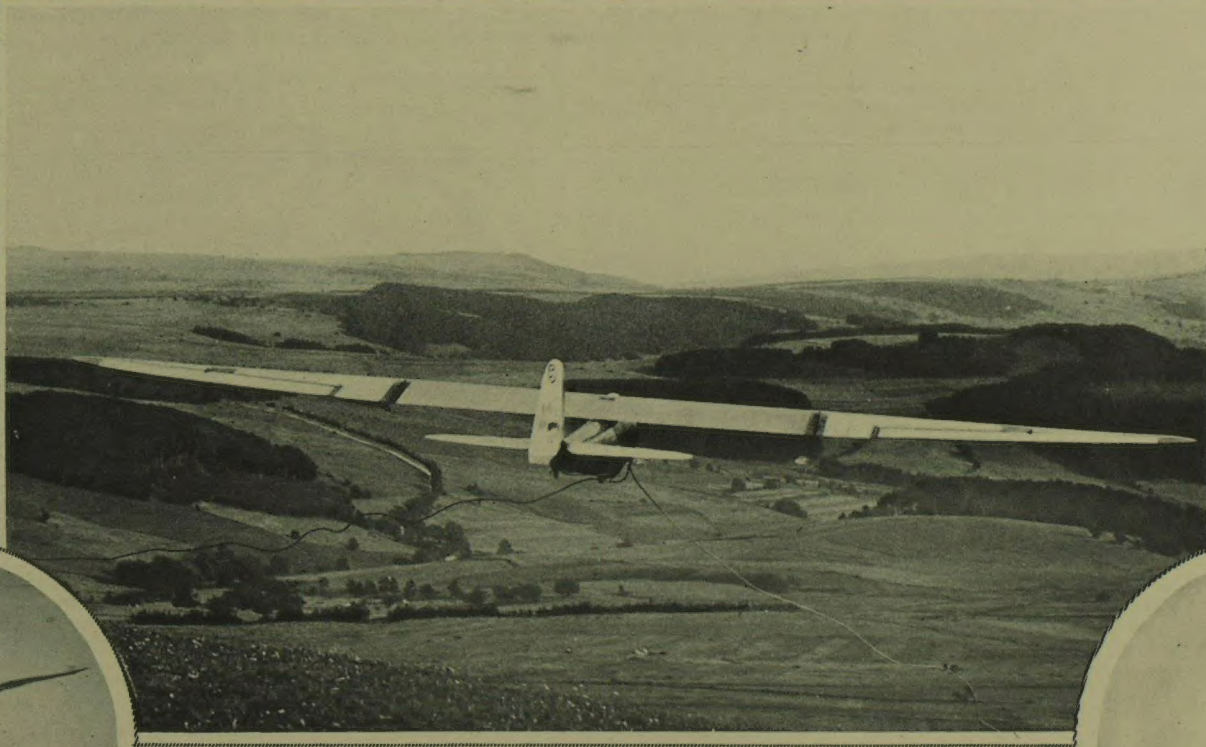
THE MAN-MADE GLIDER AND NATURE'S GLIDERS: LESSONS FROM BIRDS.



ONE OF NATURE'S FINEST GLIDERS—THE SEAGULL, ABLE TO KEEP UP WITH A SHIP FOR HOURS WITH SLIGHT MOVEMENTS OF THE WINGS:
A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH ENTITLED "THREE GULLS," BY A. KONO, EXHIBITED AT THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

The glider, or motor-less aeroplane, which, as noted on our double-page of illustrations, has been developed chiefly in Germany and is highly popular there, owes not a little to the air lore of the birds. Man has acquired by experiment much of the knowledge which birds instinctively possess about the ways of the air. He has learnt, for example, how to take advantage of vertical air currents to help him in keeping an engineless machine aloft; in fact,

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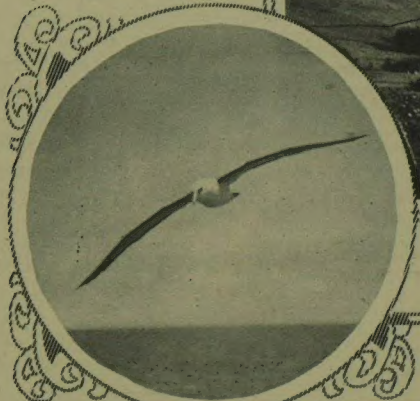
A MOTOR-LESS MONOPLANE OF MAN'S DEVISING: EDGAR DITTMAR (MAKER OF THE WORLD'S ALTITUDE RECORD FOR GLIDING) IN HIS MACHINE, "SCHLOSS MAINBERG," RISING FROM THE SLOPES OF THE WASSERKUPPE.

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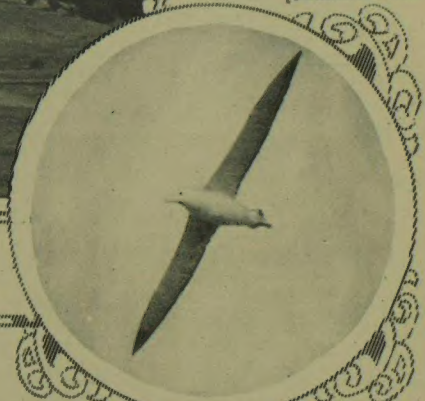
and occasional movement of their outspread wings. These photographs appeared in our issue of August 31 among "Birds of the Barrier Reef." Edgar Dittmar, the well-known German exponent of gliding, is seen in the centre photograph, rising from the southern slopes of the Wasserkuppe, in his glider "Schloss Mainberg." A few months ago he established a world's altitude record for gliding—more than 2500 ft. above the starting point.

[Continued.] these upward currents form the chief natural support of the glider. The pilot, ensconced in his machine, almost feels as if he were part of it, and were himself fitted with wings and tail. The above illustrations provide an interesting comparison between the man-made mechanical glider and two of the most skilful "gliders" in Nature—the seagull and the albatross, which soar along for hours beside and around ships at sea, with only a slight

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A MOTOR-LESS "MONOPLANE" IN NATURE: THE SOARING FLIGHT OF A BLACK-BROWED ALBATROSS.



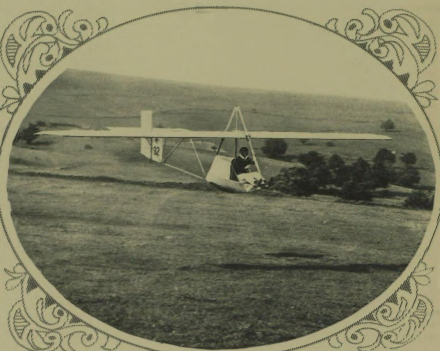
ONE OF NATURE'S GLIDERS: AN ALBATROSS "BANKING"—A REMARKABLE MONOPLANE-LIKE EFFECT.

AEROPLANES WITHOUT A MOTOR: CURRENTS—A POPULAR

GLIDERS THAT "SAIL" ON AIR SPORT IN GERMANY.



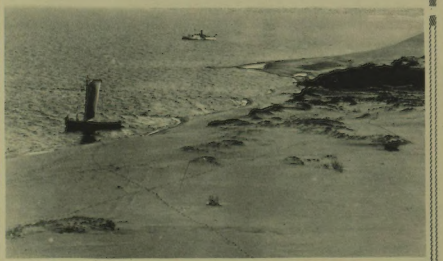
THE MOST PRIMITIVE TYPE OF GLIDER, STARTED BY RUNNING AGAINST THE WIND, STEERED BY BODY WEIGHT, AND LANDED BY LOWERING THE LEGS: A "HANGE" GLIDER—THE MOMENT BEFORE LANDING.



THE SIMPLEST TYPE OF GLIDER, FOR BEGINNERS: A SCHULP MACHINE ABOUT TO LAND—A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE SPORT IN GERMANY, WHERE GLIDING HAS THOUSANDS OF ENTHUSIASTIC DEVOTEES.



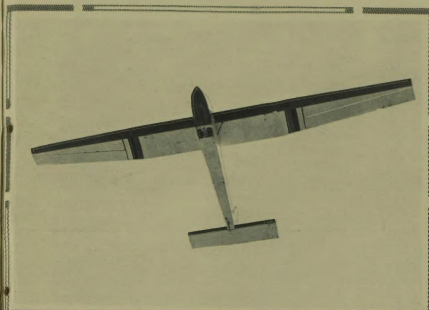
HOLDING A GLIDER BACK BY THE TAIL, WHILE OTHERS DRAW IT FORWARD WITH AN ELASTIC ROPE, UNTIL THE ORDER IS GIVEN TO THOSE BEHIND TO LET GO: A "CATAPULT" METHOD OF STARTING.



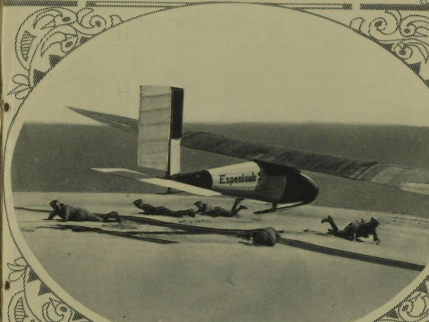
A PASSENGER-CARRYING GLIDER IN FLIGHT: THE "MARGARETA," BELONGING TO THE TECHNICAL SCHOOL AT DARMSTADT, PASSING OVER THE SHORE AT ROSSITTEN WITH TWO MEN ABOARD.



GLIDING OVER THE COAST DUNES NEAR ROSSITTEN, EAST PRUSSIA: A TYPICAL SCENE AT ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL GLIDING GROUNDS IN GERMANY, WHERE DURATION FLIGHTS TAKE PLACE.



A "SEPL" GLIDER BELONGING TO THE TECHNICAL SCHOOL AT BRESLAU: THE MACHINE IN FLIGHT—A VIEW FROM BELOW, SHOWING VERY CLEARLY ITS CONSTRUCTION.



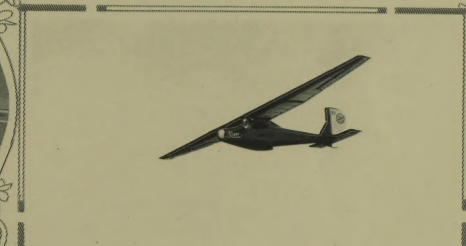
A FAULTY START: A GLIDER TAKING OFF TOO LOW, AND THE MEN THAT HAD PULLED THE STARTING-ROPE ROLLING OUT OF THE WAY OF THE MACHINE.



A SLIGHT "CRASH," BUT WITHOUT SERIOUS INJURY TO THE PILOT: A GLIDER THAT GOT OUT OF CONTROL AND FELL ON THE PILE OF STONES SEEN ON THE LEFT.



FITTED WITH ROLLING FOOTBALLS INSTEAD OF LANDING-WHEELS: A "STROLCH" GLIDER STARTING FROM THE TOP OF A DUNE NEAR ROSSITTEN, SHOWING FOUR MEN WHO FORM HALF OF THE GROUND CREW.



EDGAR DITTMAR IN HIS GLIDER "ALBERT," IN WHICH HE MADE THE WORLD'S ALTITUDE RECORD FOR GLIDING—2542 FT.: THE MACHINE IN FLIGHT.

Germany is the home of the glider, or motor-less aeroplane, which has been developed there in numerous types, and provides a highly popular sport for thousands of young enthusiasts. Many gliding clubs have been formed by students at technical colleges and Universities. The fact that Germany has specialised in this form of flying is due, probably, to the original provisions of the Versailles Treaty restricting the use of aircraft of the usual kind fitted with engines. Among the chief gliding grounds are the Wasserkuppe district, which has suitable sloping hills and air currents, and the sand dunes at Rossitten, in East Prussia. Gliders, it may be recalled, were used at first by the pioneers of aviation, the brothers Wright, and Lilienthal. In the modern German gliders, by taking skilful advantage of vertical air currents, it is possible to cover long distances, and to remain in the air for many hours. When an air current hits a hillside, it rushes upwards, and, by starting against it, a glider easily ascends. Upward currents produce cumulus clouds, and gliders "hang" under them to

use. The late Ferdinand Schulz, the most successful of German glider pilots, killed recently in an accident to a light aeroplane, made a world record duration flight of fourteen hours in his glider "Westpreussen," on May 3, 1927, and he also made a record glider duration flight with a passenger—9 hours 21 minutes. The occupants of a glider can talk as easily as in a room, owing to the absence of engine noise. An altitude record for gliders was made by Edgar Dittmar, who rose to 2542 ft., directly above the spot from which he took off, by means of a vertical current and cumulus clouds. The Germans distinguish between gliding and "sail-flying." In ordinary gliding the machine continues to lose altitude till it lands; whereas in "sail-flying," though pointing downward, it is raised by air currents. Simple gliders are often started by merely sliding or being pulled down a hill, but for the "sail-flying" type an elastic rope is used to "catapult" the machine into the air. One ground party pulls the rope in front, while another holds on to the tail until told to let go.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE PLAY-READING THEATRE.—A REVIVAL OF "DEAR BRUTUS."

THE theatrical world is teeming with new schemes—an excellent sign of the times. "The Morning Theatre" is ready to start "on appro" next month. Mr. Philip Ridgway, in a strange and happy alliance with Mr. Tom Walls and Mr. Ralph Lynn, the two well-known comedians, will turn the little Fortune Theatre near Drury Lane into a temple of fine dramatic art, leading off with a Tchekhov cycle. Mr. Ridgway is also planning a vast People's Theatre, at a fraction of the current prices. At the Arts Club the Cosmopolitan Theatre will soon open its campaign with plays in French, German, and Italian—all manned by English artists. In the wake of the American "Show Boat," a German argosy is being trimmed to visit our shores with first-rate plays of Schiller, Goethe, Lessing and Hauptmann. For next spring we are promised a season of "Hamlet," with the famous Moissi as the Prince of Denmark. A young actor who has made money in the States is projecting a Universal Theatrical Exhibition in connection with the centenary celebrations in Antwerp next year. Last, but not least, a group of young

"Dr. Bernhardt," in Miss Hettie Landstone's excellent translation. They had the Little Theatre lent to them; they engaged the well-known producer Fred de Lara, who assembled a fine cast of young actors; they rehearsed for a week and, when the reading came off one Sunday night, a full house hailed the bold effort with delight. The illusion was complete; the producer had created as much movement on the stage as if the play were actually acted; the characters stood out in vitality. "As good as any production," said all present; "ditto" said the Press. And so, for a mere outlay of under thirty pounds, an achievement was attained which, with its numerous cast under ordinary circumstances, would have cost at least six to seven times that amount.

This gave the impetus. And now the pioneers who have the scheme in hand hope to make a Play-Reading Theatre a regular institution. They have actors galore at their command; they can lay their hands on all the non-commercial plays of the world they desire; they need—so I understand—pay no fees for the reading, as it is not theatrical production in the accepted sense of the words; they will widen the circle of readers of plays in book form. And, best of all, as they can afford to charge very low prices for admission, they will secure a following of all sorts and conditions of people who wish to increase their knowledge of the drama, but who, under prevailing circumstances, would but rarely have an opportunity to "realise" a play beyond perusal in an armchair—by no means the same thing as the effect created by the live voices of live people.

Barrie on his Pegasus in mad gallop across the fields of poetry, fairyland, imagination. Barrie swapping saddles with the Bard, whence "Dear Brutus" got its name, and riding the *pavane* of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" in the travesty of modernity. Barrie riding the *haute école* of things that matter in life; the other turning that we might have taken; the second chance that would rebuild our existence; the things that don't come back to man—*viz.*, the spoken word, the past life, neglected opportunities; finally, and with incomparable grace, charm, and feeling, the love and understanding of the child. There are few among our poets who understand human nature as well as Barrie—there is none to equal him in the worship and the fathoming of the child's soul. And, as in "Cinderella," when we have enjoyed the games and caprices of the adult, as merry a transposition of Shakespeare's summer frolic as modern ideas and modern clothes will allow, we come to the root of the whole dainty thing—the child as the radiator in lonely lives.

We are fascinated by the modern Puck, Mr. Lob, who gathered nice people around him and lured them in summer madness to the wood of wishes, vagaries, and desires unfulfilled. But the author impelled our real interest in the adventure of the artist who had married his model, discovered that he had taken the wrong turning, took to the cup for solace, and in



A SECOND STEP IN EMMA'S PROGRESS: AN INTERVIEW WITH HER FUTURE HUSBAND, SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON (MR. NORMAN MACOWAN)—IN "EMMA HAMILTON," AT THE NEW THEATRE.

histrionic enthusiasts is vigorously pleading the establishment of a Play-Reading Theatre for London, as a kind of auxiliary stepping-stone for the young generation which is thirsting for glory and achievement and finds that in the actual theatre the demand is wholly incommensurate with the abundant supply.

Play-reading has in the last few years become a vogue in provincial England. Eager to follow the dramatic stream on the Continent, but finding, for economic reasons, insufficient support by the regular theatres, many provincial play-going societies have started play-reading meetings, where plays of note, after careful rehearsal, are enacted in round-table fashion. At first the idea found but lukewarm welcome. Reading a play is a long way from acting it, said the opponents; it might be tedious; it demanded imaginative exertions on the part of the hearers; it might also be monotonous and climatically inefficient. Yet, after a while, it was found that the experiment was a success; that it was interesting; that there was a growing public for such performances. For, strange to say, whilst thirty years ago a printed play was a drug on the market, and only Ibsen and Oscar Wilde found readers among the general public—who even neglected our Pineros and Joneses—whilst publishers looked upon play-publishing as an almost certain loss, or as ballast to be liquidated in time and with difficulty; now not a day passes without new plays being found in the publishers' lists and eagerly purchased by the public. Such firms as Benn Bros. and Messrs. Gollancz are flooding the market with plays of note, and the latter firm has this month offered the veriest treasure-trove in one volume containing six plays in vogue to-day, including Sherriff's masterpiece, "Journey's End."

But the real *raison d'être* of play-reading as a substitute for acting was established when the Jewish Drama League found itself insufficiently supplied with funds yet anxious to produce Schnitzler's masterpiece,



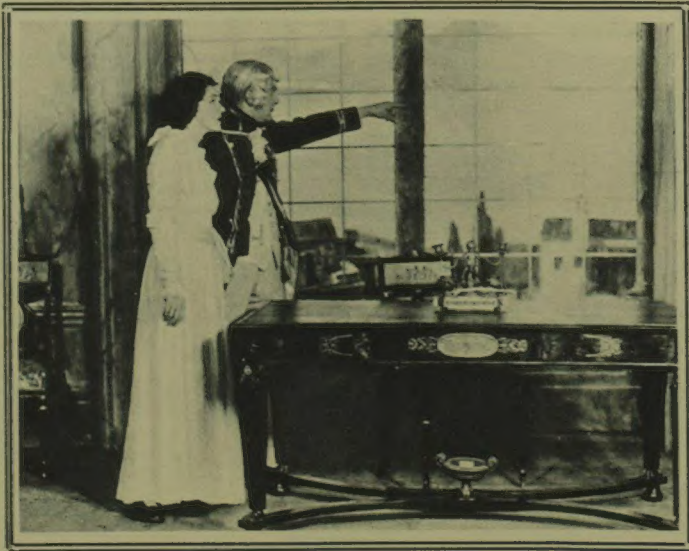
STEPS IN THE PROGRESS OF NELSON'S "DIVINE LADY": AN EARLY PHASE IN "EMMA HAMILTON," AT THE NEW THEATRE—EMMA (MISS MARY NEWCOMB), WITH THE HON. CHARLES GREVILLE (MR. ION SWINLEY) DICTATING FOR HER A LETTER TO SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Mr. Temple Thurston's play, "Emma Hamilton," which it was arranged to produce at the New Theatre on September 17, portrays the life-story of Lady Hamilton and her romance with Nelson. The play is quite distinct, of course, from the recent film version of the same subject—"The Divine Lady." In the play there are nine scenes and seven changes, and the producer, Mr. Leslie Banks, who also takes the part of Nelson, has devised a new and rapid method of scene-changing which is a great improvement for an episodic piece of this type.

the mystery wood, found the "second chance." He saw himself rambling through thicket and fern with a sweet young thing, as fresh, as rosy, and as cheeky as nature makes them; and in her he found all that he had missed, joy, inspiration, happiness and hope to live for; and then a woman passed in poor clothes, needy and forlorn; for she, too had become conscious of the wrong turning, and he gave her solace and coin—for in the wood of enchantment he did not know that she was his wife. Then, later, when the dream had vanished and the painter joined his wife again in Lob's country house, and saw her, as it were, in second sight, Barrie, with that tender touch all his own, heralds things to come. Hand in hand the twain, who had agreed to differ, wandered into the garden which, in their fancy, was the wood, and at their heels tripped the dream-child, piping hallelujah tunes of no uncertain meaning.

It is all very quaint, very beautiful, very uplifting; some will say it is long, some that to trespass on Shakespeare's domain is irreverence, but that would prove insensibility to the charm, the elfin touch, the gently dominating mind of an author who, as one of the elect, may and can do things forbidden to the many, because his is the grace of knowing men and women beyond the surface.

These impressions of well-nigh twelve years ago are rarely impaired by the revival. Sir Gerald du Maurier has scarcely changed. Mr. Hay Petrie is an excellent Lob, a foil to his predecessor, Arthur Hatherton. Mr. Norman Forbes remains his distinguished self, and, if we miss the elf-like eeriness of Miss Faith Celli as the dream-child, we have Mary Casson radiating on the stage in the spontaneity of her youth and girlish charm.



THE LAST STAGE IN THE "DIVINE LADY'S" LOVE AFFAIRS, AS REPRESENTED IN "EMMA HAMILTON," MR. TEMPLE THURSTON'S PLAY AT THE NEW THEATRE: NELSON (MR. LESLIE BANKS) POINTING OUT TO HER HIS FLAG-SHIP, "VANGUARD," LYING IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

SHAW AMONG THE PROPHETS: 1960 ENGLAND IN "THE APPLE CART."



A "WOMANLY TYPE" OF STATES-MAN WHO "GETS FLUSTERED": PROTEUS (MR. CHARLES CARSON).



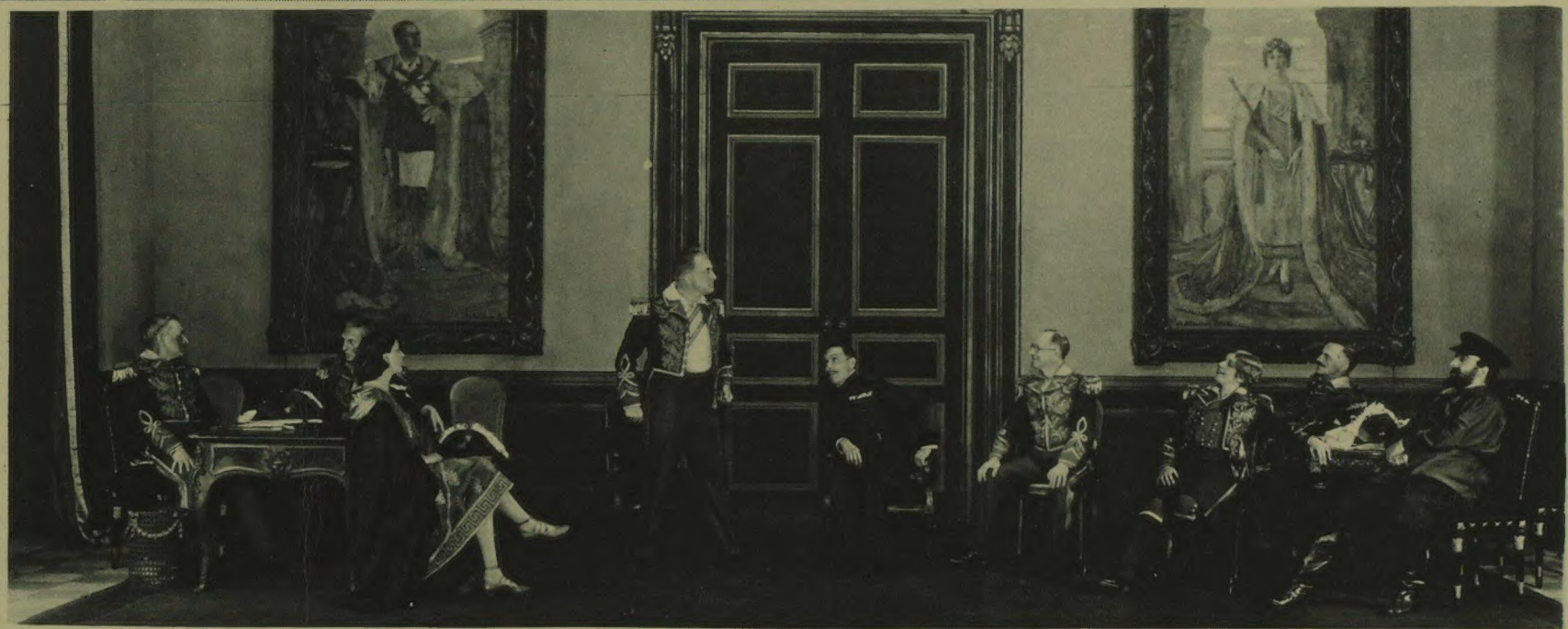
POST-MISTRESS-GENERAL IN THE BRITISH CABINET OF 1960: AMANDA (MISS DOROTHY HOLMES-GORE).



POWER-MISTRESS-GENERAL IN THE BRITISH CABINET OF 1960: LYSISTRATA (MISS EILEEN BELDON).



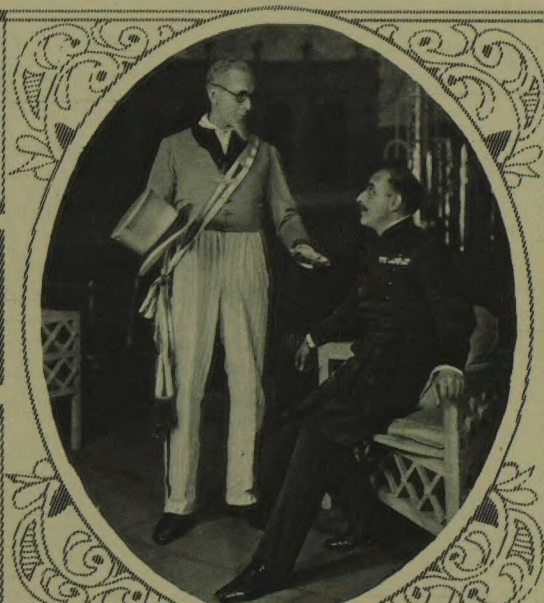
THE BOLSHIEVIST PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE: BOANERGES (MR. MATTHEW BOULTON).



THE EMOTIONAL PRIME MINISTER, PROTEUS (MR. CHARLES CARSON, STANDING), EXCITED AT A CABINET MEETING: A GROUP INCLUDING MAGNUS, KING OF ENGLAND (CENTRE), LYSISTRATA, POWER-MISTRESS-GENERAL (LEFT FOREGROUND), AMANDA, POST-MISTRESS-GENERAL (THIRD FROM RIGHT), AND BOANERGES (EXTREME RIGHT).



IN THE MUCH-DISCUSSED SECOND ACT—COMIC RELIEF: KING MAGNUS (MR. CEDRIC HARDWICKE) AND ORINTHIA (MISS EDITH EVANS).



THE U.S.A. OFFERS TO JOIN THE BRITISH EMPIRE: VANHATTAN, AMERICAN AMBASSADOR (MR. JAMES CAREW) AND MAGNUS.



"YOU WILL MAKE A VERY GOOD EMPEROR: WE SHALL CIVILISE THESE AMERICANS": QUEEN JEMIMA (MISS BARBARA EVEREST) AND MAGNUS.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's brilliant new play, "The Apple Cart," was originally produced at Warsaw, in Polish, on June 14, and, for the first time in English, at Malvern, on August 19. Its London *première* was arranged for September 17, at the Queen's Theatre. The scene is laid in England in 1960, and the plot concerns mainly the King's relations with his Cabinet. Discussing criticisms recently, with Mr. G. W. Bishop, of the "Observer," Mr. Shaw emphasised the sub-title, "A Political Extravaganza in two Acts and an Interlude," which had been inadvertently omitted from the Malvern programme. The piece has, however, a serious element. "It is intended," said Mr. Shaw, "as a salutary lesson, as I feel it is a state of things into which we could drift. One of the points is the recog-

nition that there is no governing class. The real governors are not a class, but members of all classes. The King represents the classical example of the governing type; Proteus the womanly type. He is hysterical and gets flustered, but he jumps at the true position of things at once." Of the much-discussed interlude with Orinthia in the second Act, Mr. Shaw said: "It is a piece of relief, comic relief, if you like. It completes the portrait of the King, who in the middle of the crisis is seen, not merely as a statesman but as a human being with a domestic life." The political crisis occurs when the Cabinet brings the King an ultimatum requiring him to renounce the royal veto, and he decides to abdicate. The Foreign Secretary says: "You can't upset the apple-cart like this."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



CONCERNING SEA-SLUGS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

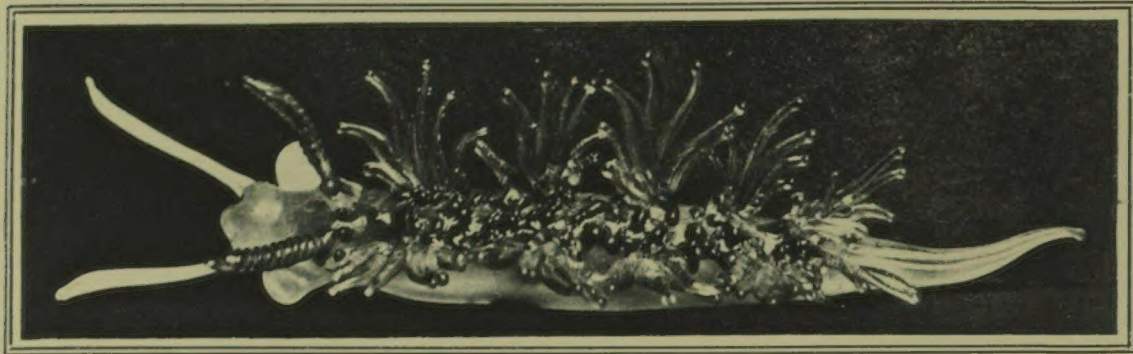


FIG. 1. A "SEA-SLUG" THAT ADAPTS AND UTILISES ITSELF THE WEAPONS OF ITS PREY—A PHENOMENON UNPARALLELED IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM: *EOLIS CORONATA*.

Eolis coronata is one of our native nudibranchs. Much more has yet to be discovered about the singular power which the various species of *Eolis*, and some others, possess of saving the weapons of their victims—the stinging-cells—from the processes of digestion, and storing them up for their own use in the long, translucent filaments borne on the back. Since *Eolis coronata* is a British species, material for further investigation should not be difficult to obtain.

SO long as we are out in the garden, or in the open country, we are faced with all sorts of problems with regard to plants and animals; though this fact, unfortunately, leaves most of us quite cold. On the other hand, there are many who are really interested in nature, but have not acquired the knack of seeing for themselves. One feels inclined to ask of them: "What went ye out into the wilderness for to see?" We have come to expect, in short, to find everything worth seeing effectively staged for us. We are willing enough to admire, but we insist on being told *what* to admire!

Take a walk among the cabbages and hunt for snails and slugs. "Surely," I hear someone say, "something more entertaining than these could be found for contemplation?" Nevertheless, they present a multitude of riddles for solution. In the first place, why has the snail a hard shell, while the slug has no such protection? As a matter of fact, the slug *has* a shell, but it has degenerated to a mere disc, buried within the tissues of the body.

Many, while spending their holidays at the seaside, will do a little fishing from a boat, "just for sport," taking no interest in the fishes they catch further than their edibility. How many have ever tried their hand at a little dredging? It is well worth while. Every trawl would bring up a varied assortment of the hidden underworld of the sea; and among this would be shells of many kinds, as well as soft-bodied creatures which only those who have had some experience of dredging for natural history specimens could name; for the fishermen would hardly be likely to be able to say which were molluscs and which were not. For many of the "shell-fish" of the sea have no shells, and it is of these that I want now, more particularly, to speak, for they really are most interesting creatures.

They are interesting, to begin with, from the fact that they include quite unrelated species. That is to say, that in very different groups species are to be found that have lost their shells. Some swim freely at the surface, some crawl on the sea-floor, some have lost all trace of a shell, some have a vestige thereof, enclosed within the tissues of the body.

Among the free-swimming types, one may cite the squids and cuttle-fish, which have a horny "pen" running down the back, like a backbone, or a hard, calcareous pen. These have a singular method of progression, for they dart with incredible speed tail-foremost! Others, like the "sea-butterflies," swim by means of a pair of "fins." What led to their amazing agility? They need it, for they furnish food to some of the giants of the great deep. The huge right-whale and sperm whales, besides numerous other cetaceans, ranging from twenty to thirty feet long, feed on nothing else; and there are many fishes that find these succulent morsels irresistible.

But there is one group where every member has lost its shell. This is formed by the "Sea-slugs,"



FIG. 2. WITH "GILLS" LIKE STRANGE UNWIELDY FEET: THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE GLAUCUS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Though described as a "Sea-slug," this creature is very unlike what we know as a "slug." The outspread leg-like "gills," as they are commonly called, probably serve also to enable the animal to move over, and rest upon, very soft mud without danger of sinking.



FIG. 3. A BEAUTIFUL "SEA-SLUG," SUGGESTING A PIECE OF ANIMATED VENETIAN GLASS: *DENDRONOTUS ARBORESCENS*.

This is a fairly common British species, and is one of the most beautiful of the "Sea-slugs." The branching outgrowths on the back probably serve as tentacles. The animal has no gills. Its vivid reds and browns, and streaks of white, very likely form a warning-coloration, for few of the sea-dwellers will ever attempt to eat it. It may sometimes be found between tide-marks, and is very active.

or nudibranchs, creatures of extraordinary interest from their numerous departures from what we may call the typical or stereotyped mollusc. In regard to their shape, as will be seen in the adjoining illustrations, they are as unlike snails and whelks and oysters and mussels as they could possibly be. Over a hundred species are to be found around our own shores, most of them very small. But they are distributed over most of the seas of the world, living chiefly in shallow water, but a few are found only in the open sea, or on floating seaweed. They are chiefly carnivorous, feeding on other molluscs and sea-anemones, but some have lost their jaws and teeth, and feed only by means of a sucker, probably on diatoms and other minute organisms living in mud. They seem to live "desiring without hope," bemoaning their hard fate, for, in captivity, they are never seen to move. They probably draw their food silently and slowly towards them by the pumping action of the sucking mouth.

But I want to speak now of the more agile species. Having got rid of their shells, they seem to have vied with each other in oddity of shape and strangeness of coloration. By the way, they *start* life with a minute nautilus-like shell, which could be closed, after the manner of snails, with an operculum, but this is soon discarded. As an example of their eccentricities of shape, turn to the strange-looking creature, *Glaucus* (Fig. 2). Of a beautiful, deep, translucent blue colour, the "gills" are here borne on stout stems, standing out at right angles to the body, looking like strange, unwieldy feet.

One of the most beautiful of all, in the matter of coloration, is *Dendronotus* (Fig. 3), which looks as though it were a piece of animated Venetian glass. No words can describe its glowing, vivid hues of crimson and white, or the filmy splendours of its branching tentacles, which spread out along the back. These fragile outgrowths function as gills only in some species. In others they lodge branches of the liver. But in the eolids, including our own common *Eolis papillosa*, they perform a still stranger function.

These creatures live upon various species of hydroids and sea-anemones, which, as is well known, have their bodies armed with stinging-cells which are sufficiently powerful to paralyse the small creatures on which they feed, enabling the helpless bodies to be seized and quietly disposed of. *Eolis* and his relations, in turn, eat these slayers, and, though they digest their bodies, they contrive that the stinging-cells shall come to no harm. For they have a use for them. By some strange method of selection accompanying the digestive processes, these darts of death are passed up from the intestine into the long, thread-like "gills" seen in Fig. 1, and here they are stored to be used exactly as in the animals by which they were originally formed! In the whole of the animal kingdom there is, so far as I know, no parallel to this astonishing mode of obtaining weapons of offence and defence from the victims that they have slain.

UNIQUE SPECIES OF AUSTRALIA AND TASMANIA MENACED WITH EXTINCTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.



THE DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS (OR *ORNITHORHYNCHUS ANATINUS*): A MAMMAL THAT LAYS EGGS—STRANGEST AND MOST PRIMITIVE OF AUSTRALIAN ANIMALS.



THE ECHIDNA, OR SPINY ANT-EATER (*TACHYGLOSSUS*): THE ONLY OTHER EGG-LAYING MAMMAL—SHOWING THE PECULIAR LONG RE-CURVED CLAW ON THE HIND-FOOT, USED FOR BACK-SCRATCHING.



THE TASMANIAN DEVIL (*SARCOPHILUS URSINUS*): A CARNIVORE, NOW LIMITED TO TASMANIA, "WILLING TO ATTACK ANY ANIMAL THAT IS NOT TOO LARGE."



THE RABBIT-BANDICOOT (*THALACOMYS LAGOTIS*): A MOUSE-LIKE MARSUPIAL WITH RABBIT EARS AND ELONGATED HIND-FEET LIKE A KANGAROO.



THE TASMANIAN WOLF (*THYLACINUS CYNOCEPHALUS*): THE LARGEST MARSUPIAL CARNIVORE IN TASMANIA—A SPECIES PROBABLY EXTERMINATED IN AUSTRALIA BY THE DINGO.



THE WOMBAT (*PHASCOLOMYS*): A POUCHED, VEGETARIAN, AND BURROWING ANIMAL, SOMETIMES WEIGHING OVER 400 LB., AND HUNTED FOR ITS SKIN.

These remarkable examples of Australasian fauna are described by Mr. H. C. Raven, of the American Museum of Natural History, in its magazine, "Natural History." Of the six animals illustrated, he believes that the Tasmanian wolf, though exterminated in Australia, probably by the dingo, will continue to exist in Tasmania, where the dingo has never penetrated. "Platypus, too," he says, "if stringent laws protect it from man, will probably manage to survive, but it seems highly probable that every (other) animal I have mentioned is doomed to extinction within a tragically short period. Man, and the animals that man has introduced, will most certainly eliminate the major portion of the strange and fascinating

creatures that are typical of Australia and the adjacent islands." The duck-billed platypus—a mixture of mammal, reptile, and bird—is the most extraordinary thing in nature. Its habits have, more than once, been fully described and illustrated in these pages. It and the echidna are the only egg-laying mammals. . . . "One claw on the hind-foot (we read of the echidna) is exceptionally long, and curves out in remarkable fashion. This is useful when the animal is burrowing in the ground, and is then used to push the dirt out of the way. . . . Its greatest value, however, seems to lie in the fact that it is long enough to be inserted between the spines and used as a back-scratcher."

CHONI—THE PLACE OF STRANGE FESTIVALS.

LIFE AMONG TIBETAN LAMAS; STRANGE RITES; MYSTERY PLAYS; LIVING BUDDHAS; AND A VAST LIBRARY OF SACRED CLASSICS.

Abridged, by permission, from an Article by Dr. JOSEPH F. ROCK, in the "National Geographic Magazine," Washington, U.S.A. (See also Illustrations on pp. 495, 496, 497.)

In our next number we shall publish, in colour, through the generous courtesy of the National Geographic Society, of Washington, D.C., U.S.A., some very rare pictures of the Demon Dancers of Choni, taken in monochrome by Dr. Joseph F. Rock, leader of the Society's three-year Yunnan-Tibet Expedition, and coloured by hand, under Dr. Rock's personal direction, by Hashime Murayama, the Society's staff scientific artist. These reproductions will be found to be of extraordinary interest. Meanwhile, also by the Society's kind permission, we give in the present number (here and on pp. 495, 496, 497) photographs illustrating the scene of the dances—the Choni monastery in Kansu—together with the following extracts from Dr. Rock's descriptive article.

"WHEN my caravan left Yunnanfu bound for Kansu Province, in the extreme north-west of China, and eventually for the great Amnyi Machen Mountains, I was totally unaware of the existence of



WOOD BLOCKS (OVER 500 YEARS OLD) FOR PRINTING THE CHONI CLASSICS: THE OFFICIAL LIBRARIAN OF CHONI LAMASERY BESIDE SOME OF HIS SHELVES.

The printing blocks of the Choni classics (the *Kandjur* and the *Tandjur*) fill four buildings. The Librarian is here seen in one of the two long rooms housing the *Tandjur* blocks. Impressions are carved on both sides, and a skillful lama requires four days to cut one block. It took sixteen years to carve the *Tandjur* blocks alone. The woods are walnut and a lighter species at present unidentifiable. Both the classics are printed by hand on paper prepared by pasting together eight sheets to make one leaf.

Photographs on this page by Dr. Joseph F. Rock. Reproduced by Courtesy of the National Geographic Society, of Washington, U.S.A.

Choni. It was in the course of my journey in search of rare plants for the Arnold Arboretum that I learned of this ancient Tibetan principality ruled by a hereditary prince.

"We received a cordial greeting from the Prince, Yang Chi-ching,* who rendered me all possible assistance, and was exceedingly hospitable throughout my stay. He gave orders to the lamas to aid me in taking photographs, and not only admitted me to all religious ceremonies, but gave me the place of honour. Thus I was able to obtain whatever material I desired.

"Choni is situated in the south-western part of Kansu Province. Though capital of the Prince's domain, it is merely a village of 400 families, approximately 2000 inhabitants. The natives are of Tibetan origin; in fact, there are few real Chinese in Choni.

"Choni monastery is surrounded by a wall of loess (a peculiar deposit of loam) pierced by a large stone

gate looking south. Upon the gate is the inscription: Chi Ssu Chan Ting Ssu (Bestowed by Imperial Command Temple of Abstract Tranquility). A memorial stone of 1736 records that the tablet for the monastery was written by Emperor Kang Hsi himself in 1710 as a favour to Chih Lien, a Choni priest, who paid him a visit. After his return to Choni, Chih Lien is said to have contributed 3000 taels of silver—a great sum at that time—toward the building of temples and chanting halls in the monastery. Within the walls are 172 buildings, not including 10 large and small chanting halls.

"During the reign of Yung Lo the monastery housed 3800 monks, but now only 700 reside there. Of the 10 chanting halls in Choni two are fairly large. The one most frequently used faces a square in which the lama dances are performed and the Butter Festival is celebrated. The hall is flanked by three other buildings.

"A building to the left of the main chanting hall contains a large octagonal prayer-cylinder of wood, with doors. Within it is a complete set of the *Kandjur* and *Tandjur*, the chief Tibetan classics, the former comprising 108 volumes, the latter—the commentary—209 volumes. To the cylinder are attached slender bars with carved figures, by means of which the wheel can be set in motion. With one revolution the devotee has said the contents of the 317 volumes—indeed a quick way of saying prayers!

"Below the main hall and flanking the courtyard on the left is the Temple for the Recompense of Kindness. It is said to have been built, 1679-1681, by two brothers, Ju-sung and Ngan-wang, at the command of their dying mother, who exhorted them not to spend their money in riotous living, but in building temples to insure her blessings in the next world. A three-storeyed building, with drum and bell-tower, it houses a gilded clay Buddha 40 feet high that extends from floor to ceiling. The idol is probably 250 years old. (See illustration, page 496.)

"Choni lamasery has printing blocks of both the *Kandjur* and the *Tandjur*. In fact, Choni is said to be the only monastery outside Lhasa possessing the *Tandjur* blocks, and the claim is made that the books

printed here are without mistakes, the best edition known.

"The printing blocks of both classics are more than 500 years old. It took sixteen years to carve



BUILDINGS THAT HAVE WITHSTOOD THE EARTHQUAKES OF CENTURIES: PART OF THE LAMASERY AT CHONI—(LEFT) THE MAIN CHANTING HALL: (RIGHT) THE TEMPLE CONTAINING THE HUGE CLAY BUDDHA (ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 496).

Within the lamasery are ten chanting halls and 172 other buildings, some over 600 years old. Kansu Province is subject to earthquakes, and the remarkable state of repair of the ancient walls testifies to the skill of the builders.

the blocks of the *Tandjur* alone. The Choni Prince said he suggested movable type, but the lamas refused to entertain the idea.

"The priest-official in charge of the classics informed me that it takes forty-five monks three months to print the *Kandjur*, and nearly six months to print the *Tandjur*. This does not include the time consumed in preparing the paper for the printers.

"The paper used is bought at Kungchang, in eastern Kansu, eleven days distant from Choni. It is very thin, and the monks paste eight sheets together to make one for the book. When 317 volumes are printed, one can surmise the time and labour spent. The monks who print the classics receive each 250 cash a day, the equivalent of five cents, plus rations of barley flour, tea, and some yak butter.

"The Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., through Dr. Walter T. Swingle, commissioned me to buy a complete set of the two classics from the Choni lamasery. These were packed in 92 boxes, and sent

by caravan seven days to Lanchow; thence by parcel post to Shanghai. Unfortunately they arrived at Sianfu just before the gates of that city closed. There they remained through the whole siege of the town. They did reach Shanghai, however, after being more than a year on the way.

"Great ceremonies, conducted regularly each year in Choni lamasery, are few. There is a dance on the 13th of the first moon; the Butter Festival is celebrated on the 15th, and another dance is performed on the 16th. The Sunning of the Buddha takes place in the spring, on the 30th day of the second moon. On the sixth day of the sixth moon falls the Old Dance, *Cham-nyon-wa*, to my mind the most interesting of all the ceremonies.

"The time between ceremonies is occupied by the monks in chanting on certain days, but otherwise mainly in loafing. In case of illness of wealthy believers, the lamas are asked to chant the classics, believed to have a salubrious effect. The charge for opening the largest chanting hall is 300

[Continued on page 520.]



A COMPLETE SET OF THE CHONI CLASSICS IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS AT WASHINGTON: DR. ARTHUR W. HUMMEL, CHIEF OF THE CHINESE DIVISION, HOLDING A VOLUME OF THE *TANDJUR*.

The Choni classics consist of the *Kandjur* (in 108 volumes) and its commentary, the *Tandjur* (209 volumes). Dr. Rock was commissioned to buy a complete set for the Library of Congress. In the above photograph the wider, thicker books belong to the *Tandjur*. The two classics are mixed on the shelves. Each volume is hand-bound between pine-boards, and the covers are tied together with wide cotton bands.

* A letter from Dr. Rock dated March 22, 1928, announced that the Choni Prince had been shorn of his hereditary title and military rank, and that his domain had been confiscated by Fengyu Shiang, the Re General. The Prince is now merely commissioner of the barbarians and is subject to removal at the will of the Lanchow Government.

LIVING BOY "GODS"; AND A PRINCELY GRAND LAMA.



THE YOUTHFUL "LIVING BUDDHA" OF LABRANG: A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF "INCARNATION" PHOTOGRAPHED AT A MONASTERY FIVE DAYS' JOURNEY FROM CHONI.

NOW DEPRIVED
OF
HIS TITLE
AND DOMAIN
THROUGH
THE CHINESE
REVOLUTION:
PRINCE
YANG-CHI-CHING,
THE
CHONI PRINCE,
FORMERLY
BOTH
TEMPORAL RULER
AND
GRAND LAMA.



A FARMER'S FOUR-YEAR-OLD SON HONOURED AS AN INCARNATION OF A TIBETAN KING: TSEMOLING, "THE BOY GOD OF CHONI."

Nothing is more remarkable in Tibetan religion than the practice of choosing little boys as incarnations of Buddha, or of deceased rulers. In notes on Dr. Rock's photographs (accompanying his article abridged on page 494), we read: "(1) Like Choni and Guya, Labrang has recently installed a boy god. This young Living Buddha was photographed at Angkur, Gomba, a monastery five days' journey to the north of Choni."—2. If a Prince has two sons, the elder succeeds him, and the second becomes grand lama in the monastery; but if there is only one son, he takes both positions concurrently. Prince Yang Chi-ching (the Choni Prince) is both temporal ruler and grand lama. . . . He was exceedingly hospitable. He gave orders to the lamas to aid me in taking photographs, and not only admitted me to all religious ceremonies, but gave me the place of honour." (In a subsequent letter, Dr. Rock stated that, since his departure, the Choni Prince had been shorn of his title and rank, and his domain had been confiscated by Feng Yu-shiang, the Red General. The Prince had become merely a "com-



A LITTLE BOY OF SIX WHO RULES OVER A MONASTERY A FEW MILES SOUTH-WEST OF CHONI: THE "LIVING BUDDHA" OF GUYA.

missioner of barbarians."—(3) The Dalai Lama declared this four-year-old son of a poor farmer the incarnation of the Tibetan King who died shortly before Dr. Rock's arrival.—(4) The "Living Buddha" of Guya is six years old. The monastery over which this solemn little fellow rules is a few miles from Choni."

TIBETAN RITES: "SUNNING" BUDDHA; A PRAYER-WHEEL; A GIANT IMAGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. JOSEPH F. ROCK. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, OF WASHINGTON, U.S.A. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 494.)



1. THE ANNUAL "SUNNING OF THE BUDDHA": A REMARKABLE OPEN-AIR CEREMONY NEAR THE CHONI MONASTERY—TIBETAN MONKS, WITH A LEADING LAMA, ENTHRONED BENEATH A LARGE YELLOW UMBRELLA, AND A TABLE OF OFFERINGS (RIGHT), RENDERING HOMAGE TO A SACRED BUDDHIST TAPESTRY (ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 497), HUNG ON A CLIFF-SIDE (JUST OUT OF THE ABOVE PICTURE TO THE RIGHT).



2. A PRAYER-WHEEL WITH ONE TURN OF WHICH THE DEVOTEE IS ASSUMED TO HAVE REPEATED THE CONTENTS OF 317 SACRED VOLUMES! A TWO-STOURED OCTAGONAL STRUCTURE CONTAINING TIBETAN CLASSICS.



3. AN IMAGE OF BUDDHA OVER 40 FT. HIGH AND ABOUT 250 YEARS OLD: A HUGE GILDED CLAY STATUE IN THE TEMPLE FOR THE RECOMPENSE OF KINDNESS, AT CHONI.

The congregation of Tibetan monks seen in Illustration No. 1 is engaged in a remarkable open-air ceremony called "the Sunning of the Buddha." A note on the photograph says: "On the thirtieth day of the second moon the Choni lamas gather on a terrace near the monastery to do homage to a great Buddha, whose likeness is displayed on a huge tapestry suspended from a high bluff, just beyond the field of the camera to the right. On the throne, shaded by a ceremonial umbrella, sits the abbot. Offerings to the deity are placed on the table to the right." The tapestry itself is illustrated on page 497. Of No. 2 above it is noted: "Within this octagonal structure are complete sets of the *Kandjur* and

Tandjur, the principal Tibetan classics (see illustrations on page 494). The whole wheel can be rotated by means of carved bars, and with one revolution the devotee has said the contents of the 317 volumes! In the foreground are brass images before which are placed butter-lamps, water-bowls, and ornaments of yak butter. The prayer-wheel is of wood beautifully carved and gilded." Photograph No. 3 is accompanied by a note stating: "In the Temple for the Recompense of Kindness (at Choni) rests an image of Buddha that extends from floor to ceiling of the three-storied building. The figure, which is more than 40 ft. high, is said to be about 250 years old."

THE "SUNNING" OF THE BUDDHA: ADORATION OF A SACRED TAPESTRY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. JOSEPH F. ROCK. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, OF WASHINGTON, U.S.A. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 494.)



THE ANNUAL EXPOSITION OF A BUDDHIST TAPESTRY SUSPENDED ON THE FACE OF A CLIFF:
TIBETAN LAMAS PERFORMING RELIGIOUS RITES.

This curious example of Tibetan religious rites is described in our well-known American contemporary, the "National Geographic Magazine," by Dr. Joseph F. Rock, leader of the National Geographic Society's Expedition to Yunnan and Tibet, of whose article we give an abridgment on page 494 of this number. This particular ceremony, which is known as "the Sunning of the Buddha," takes place annually at the monastery of Choni, an almost unknown principality in the Chinese province of Kansu. "Once each year," we read in an explanatory note attached to the illustration, "before a great tapestry of silk

bearing the likeness of Tünba Sha Chia To Pu, the Chinese Shi Chia Fu (called Djaka in India), the lamas chant in the ceremony of the Sunning of the Buddha. The tapestry is more than 50 ft. long and at least 200 years old. The colours are soft and exquisitely blended." The tapestry is suspended for the occasion over the face of a steep bluff, or cliff, adjoining a terrace of loess near the monastery. A general view of the assemblage of lamas, with their table of offerings, is shown in another photograph on page 496. Above is seen a group of lamas, clad in yellow silk, standing round the tables.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN biography or reminiscences the interest, as a rule, does not depend so much on the social position of the person concerned as on the manner of narration and the degree of intimacy with which the life is portrayed. The biographer of living royalty labours under some disadvantage in the latter respect, for he must, of course, bear in mind that discretion is the better part of candour. There are instances, however, where exalted rank enhances the attraction and there are no dark spots to be discreetly veiled. Of such a sort is a life-story that will make a strong and wide appeal to British readers, even allowing for the inevitable lack of the intimate personal touch, as related in "KING GEORGE V." A Sketch of a Great Ruler. By Sir George Arthur. With seventeen illustrations, and Pedigree. (Jonathan Cape; 10s.). The book is put forward as a study rather than a biography, and the author himself says: "These pages represent a rough attempt to gather up a few of the facts and suggest some of the circumstances attaching, more or less closely, to a life which—in God's good mercy—has been recently snatched from peril and restored to the people of England."

Sir George Arthur, who, it may be recalled, also wrote a memoir of Lord Kitchener, does not here make mention of royal help and sanction, or claim to have had access to any material that is not public property and available to diligent research, but he has produced a thoroughly interesting book, written in a spirit of loyal admiration. The future historian, perhaps, will be most concerned with the King's life and influence during the war, a period which Sir George Arthur touches very briefly in the final chapter. He considers that those years form so largely the theme of current writing and controversy "that only a rough outline of them should fall within the scope of this volume."

Sir George's own account of that time is to some extent controversial, especially in his criticisms of Mr. Lloyd George in relation to the bestowal of honours. Adequate tribute, however, is paid to the incalculable value of his Majesty's work and example. When war was declared, "the King, without fuss or ostentation, let it be known that to the prosecution of the war to a victorious issue he would dedicate himself body and soul. . . . His time, his energies, his whole strength would be at the disposal of his country; nor would there be any inconvenience or privation, or risk or loss, which he would not share with his subjects."

Present-day readers, who know how well that high resolve was fulfilled, need no printed record of the King's service: it is "writ large" on public memory. They will turn rather to Sir George Arthur's earlier chapters, especially to those on the King's boyhood and his career as a Naval officer. In this connection many interesting incidents are recalled. We read, for instance, how "the impenetrable veil behind which the Senior Service (then) lived caused a pretty achievement of Prince George as a sailor to be folded out of view until twenty years after the happening. The naval manoeuvres of 1889 were to furnish an opportunity for a lieutenant twenty-four years old to save a warship from total loss and to save the lives of all her complement—and this in heavy weather, at considerable risk to his own ship, and by his own exertions." The incident occurred on the Irish coast, when the King was in command of a torpedo-boat.

There is also an amusing anecdote which suggests that King George, on one occasion at least, was more successful than King Canute in defying the elements. The incident seems to have happened at Malta, and is described as follows: "The sun must wait, Admiral; we can do anything in the Navy." Admiral Poë was entertaining the King to tea on board the *Hyacinth*, and the official photographer was to record the event with a picture of a group on the quarter-deck. Just as the camera was being adjusted, the routine report was made to the Admiral: "Sunset, Sir." The Admiral turned to the King with "Time for sunset, Sir." The correct answer would be "Make it so," and the recognised ritual would follow. But that evening the sun must repeat a Biblical experience and stand steady till the photographer had had his innings."

Some of King George's youthful experiences in the West Indies, aboard the "Bacchante," are paralleled in an entertaining volume emanating from the Senior Service, namely, "THE NARRATIVE OF A NAVAL NOBODY, 1907-24." By Douglas Fairbairn, Lieut.-Commander, R.N. (retired). With a Foreword by "Bartimeus" (Murray; 10s. 6d.). Thus when the author arrived at St. Lucia in 1912, during

a training cruise in H.M.S. *Cornwall*, he tells how "the ship was soon the centre of a mob of yelling negroes in crazy catamarans. . . . In one large boat was a bevy of negresses who all talked at once at the top of their voices and flourished greasy cards extolling their virtues as 'washer-ladies.' 'I Mother Flora, Mother Flora; I wash for darling little midshipboys!'"

It was soon evident that this book was going to be amusing when I had two laughs on the second page. One of these was caused by the author's description of his appearance, as a would-be naval cadet, before a Nomination Board of venerable Admirals and professors, when the following dialogue occurred: "'Who was Queen Elizabeth's father?' 'Henry VIII,' I answered. 'Who was her mother?' Without the slightest hesitation I answered, innocently: 'Oh, she had eight mothers.'" I also enjoyed the extracts from the "New Pepys" of the ship's magazine aboard the *Cornwall*, describing certain naval manoeuvres. Thus, he writes: "Fogge have arisen, and we steaming about at a wicked speed and without

now appears in a new and complete version entitled, "MY SEVENTY-FIVE." Journal of a French Gunner, August-September, 1914. By Paul Lintier. With a Foreword by Marshal Joffre. Illustrated (Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.), forming a new volume in the well-known series of Soldiers' Tales.

Paul Lintier enlisted in the French Artillery in 1913. He was a young writer of brilliant promise and had begun two novels, but the war turned his literary plans in another direction and he had ambition to be its historian. The present work, unfortunately a fragment, was originally published in French in 1914 under the title of "Ma Pièce," "and," says the translator, "has ever since been accepted in France as the truest and most illuminating account, from the point of view of the ranks, of that first phase of the war which Englishmen recall by the names of Mons, the Marne, and the Aisne." It contains terrible stories of German outrages on women and the sufferings of the wounded. Something of the young officer's feelings about war in general are expressed thus: "I dreamed of the pleasure it would be to me—if it should be granted me to survive—to come back later to these hills on a calm pilgrimage of memories. But . . . I told myself that the flow of fair days and serene years, which perhaps await us, will slowly efface the bitter memories of this war. Ah, if for us these visions of terror never faded, if by words we could retrace them to our children and the children of our grandchildren, never again would the world know war."

With the war diary of the ill-fated French Gunner may be contrasted that of a distinguished American airman who had the luck to survive. It is called "ONE MAN'S WAR." The Story of the Lafayette Escadrille. By Bert Hall and John J. Niles. With Introduction by Elliott White Springs. Illustrated (Hamilton Ltd.; 15s.). It is not quite clear what part Mr. Niles has taken in the production of the book, as it is all written in the first person as Lieutenant Hall's own record. The style is racy, conversational, and rich in American slang, which makes the book intensely vivid and readable. Apart from military matters, it gives some interesting glimpses of the early days of aviation, for, before the war Lieutenant Hall was flying in France with Henri and Maurice Farman. Speaking of the machines, he says: "We called those Farman's, mechanical cows (*vaches mécaniques*), and they were just about as easily manoeuvred as a cow."

The Great War was not the first one in which this diarist took part. The writer of the Preface says: "Bert Hall was already a seasoned soldier of fortune. In 1913 he was Abdul Hamid's entire air service. He rented his plane and his mechanic and his services as pilot to the Turks for one hundred dollars a day. When they reduced his pay, he flew over and joined the Bulgars at the same price." That, of course, was in the Balkan War. When the Bulgars got behind-hand with his pay, he prepared to leave, but was arrested as a Turkish spy, sentenced to be shot, and only escaped through the efforts of his French mechanic. In August, 1914, he joined the French Foreign Legion, and three months later he and other Americans in it formed the famous air squadron known as the Lafayette Escadrille. Most of the book relates his experiences with that body and also in Russia and Rumania. The publisher's note mentions that since the war Lieutenant Hall has been engaged in aeronautical enterprises in Japan, Russia, and India, and "is now in China, where he is General Chan, Chief of the Air service at Canton."

The American war pilot's narrative has a counterpart in the annals of American civil aviation, to which has just been added a volume entitled, "LINDBERGH." His Story in Pictures. By Francis Trevelyan Miller, LL.D., Litt.D. (Putnam's Sons; 10s. 6d.) This amazing collection of photographs, showing the famous "solo" Atlantic flier as the centre of public demonstrations in all parts of the world, and the honoured guest of Kings and Princes, Presidents and Prime Ministers, emphasises the fact that an airman can attain more individual celebrity in peace than in war. But Lindbergh has certainly deserved his fame. "He is as definitely an historic figure," writes Dr. Miller, "as Magellan, Drake, the Cabots, or Columbus. He is the subject for a modern Plutarch or Carlyle. . . . In his conquest of the air, he has made more than 8,400 flights. . . . He has carried more than 8,600 passengers and never lost a life." C. E. B.



THE HAIG MEMORIAL CONTROVERSY: LADY HAIG'S MODEL MADE FOR HER FROM A "SNAPSHOT" OF HER HUSBAND ON HORSEBACK.

At a recent conference at the Office of Works, regarding the Haig Memorial controversy, Lady Haig, who expressed her own views and those of the ex-Service organisations, showed the above model which had been made for her from a "snapshot" photograph of Lord Haig on horseback. She is giving it to her son as a faithful impression of his father. Mr. Lansbury, First Commissioner of Works, presided at the conference, and there were also present General Sir Herbert Lawrence (Chief of Staff to Lord Haig in 1918), and four of the Assessors who had recommended Mr. A. F. Hardiman's design. His bronze model was also exhibited. The question was left in abeyance until Mr. Lansbury could consult the Prime Minister. Meantime, Mr. Hardiman (who was not present) had been asked not to begin work yet on the statue. The alternatives suggested are (1) to modify the Hardiman design; (2) to obtain a new one; or (3) to have another form of memorial (e.g., a standing statue, as proposed by Lord Lee of Fareham), instead of an equestrian statue.

lights, and anon all but sunk by a vile trawler, the which do suppose that by virtue of showing a light they may freely cruise about, and as we passed could hear the master's language most malignant and in no way becoming, which is ever the way of such, and yet did divert me vastly for the moment."

It must not be thought, however, that Commander Fairbairn's book, which covers his sixteen years of service—before, during, and after the war—is entirely concerned with frivolous matters. The reader has glimpses of the Grand Fleet at war, and is taken on patrol and escort work and submarine hunting in the Aegean. There are also descriptions of fighting in Palestine against the Turks, and of ships being mined and torpedoed. It is a pity the book is not illustrated.

The stern and gruesome side of the war, as experienced by a young French officer killed in 1916, is emphasised in his record of the first two months' fighting. It was published in English, slightly expurgated, in 1917, and

THE CENTENARY OF CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION: SCENES IN LONDON.



A GREAT OPEN-AIR CELEBRATION OF HIGH MASS OUTSIDE WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL (SEEN IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND), WITH THE WHOLE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY OF ENGLAND AND WALES—FOUR ARCHBISHOPS AND NINETEEN BISHOPS ASSISTING, AND AN ENORMOUS CONGREGATION: THE MOST IMPRESSIVE SPECTACLE IN CONNECTION WITH THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC CONGRESS.



PART OF A PICTURESQUE PROCESSION OF TWELVE THOUSAND BOYS AND GIRLS (IN ALTERNATE SECTIONS) FROM THE ROMAN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS OF LONDON, ON ITS WAY FROM THE EMBANKMENT TO WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: A PICTURESQUE EVENT OF THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC CONGRESS IN THE CENTENARY YEAR OF CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

The National Catholic Congress, which meets every third year, opened in London on September 12, and was given a special character as commemorating the centenary of Catholic Emancipation—that is, the passing of the Act enabling Roman Catholics to sit and vote in both Houses of Parliament. The most impressive spectacle was the High Mass celebrated on Sunday, September 15, in the precincts of Westminster Cathedral, at an altar erected on a high platform and canopied in green and white. Cardinal Bourne presided at the throne, and the celebrant was Dr. Williams, Archbishop of Birmingham. The entire Roman Catholic Hierarchy of England and Wales, consisting of four Archbishops and nineteen

Bishops, assisted at the service, besides four Benedictine Abbots. Before the altar was assembled an immense congregation, so crowded that there was no room to kneel. On the previous afternoon, September 14, there were two great processions, one of 30,000 men from Southwark to Westminster, and the other of 12,000 school boys and girls, who marched from the Victoria Embankment to Westminster Cathedral. The girls were mainly in white frocks, some with yellow sashes, thus blending the Papal colours, but the sash mostly worn was the light blue of the "Children of Mary." A remarkable feature was the variety of women's religious orders engaged in teaching, as represented by the nuns marching with the girls.

"'MERICAN MAKEUM PASSING FUNNY ENT'PRISE!"

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THIRTY YEARS IN THE JUNGLE": By A. HYATT VERRILL.*

PUBLISHED BY JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD.

LIKE Katerfelto, Mr. Hyatt Verrill might well, "with his hair on end," be "at his own wonders wondering." Actually, he is not. There is nothing of the quack about him: for thirty years and more, he has pioneered so persistently that his astonishment is tempered by his experience, and he shuns exaggeration as



HOLDING HIS GIFT BATH-TOWEL, WHICH ACCOMPANIED HIM EVERYWHERE: KUMWARRY, CHIEF OF THE CARIBS—THE PEOPLE-WHO-EAT-ALONE—DOWN OF THE KING-VULTURE UPON HIS HEAD.

Reproduced from "Thirty Years in the Jungle," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. John Lane, the Bodley Head.

forthrightly as the eighteenth-century exploiter of influenza rode after fanfares and descanted on the "orrible examples" wriggling in the water displayed under his case-securing solar microscope!

Withal, he cannot conceal the nature of the risks he has run or the curiosity of the revelations that have been vouchsafed him. And here be it remarked that he is far from being at one with those whose explorers confront their chief foes in ferocious or furtive beasts, in the trailing serpent with venomous fangs, and in warrior savages of the wilds. "In reality," he urges, "these are the most negligible of all dangers, if dangers, they may be called, and the real perils one faces are sickness, starvation, insects, and rapids—all matters which are seldom mentioned in tales of adventures in the American tropics. There is not a wild animal in tropical America that is dangerous to man unless wounded. . . . I have never been bitten by a poisonous snake, and never had but one of my men bitten, and that not seriously. Poisonous snakes, in fact, are about the rarest forms of animal life. . . . Hostile Indians may exist, but if so I have failed to meet them."

Sickness is another story, the most plaguing menace of loneliness. So is starvation. Rapids are formidable and back-breaking.

But neither rapids, hunger nor disease, nor all together, are as great a danger to the traveller in the American jungle as are the insects. There is little need to worry about mosquitoes, for, on the whole, they are few and not malevolent; but there are biting-flies and cannibalistic, all-devouring army-ants; sand-flies, which will carry misery through anything coarser than cheese-cloth; jiggers, which burrow under the skin; wood ticks; the tiny, flesh-coloured *maipuri* ticks, whose infection may strike inward and bring internal abscesses and death; and, most awful, the minute *yen-yi*, which sinks in the mud and the damp earth and causes recurring foot-rot.

Such pestiferous enemies Mr. Verrill braved in the interests of natural history and ethnography—as collector of birds and other specimens and as investigator of Indian life. "I again set sail for lands where civilisation was but a form, where Nature was in the raw, where vast untamed jungle was still untrod by human feet, and where danger and death lurked behind the smiling mask of Nature." That was ever the manner of it, and ever the "bag" was worth the hazard, that bag that suggests the inexhaustible purse of Fortunatus!

Let us look upon the most mazing of its contents.

First, the prying fingers conjure forth memories of forty years ago, memories of belief in devil trees and in unblest folk who discard their human skins by night and fly out to suck the blood of the luckless, traces of Voodooism, and remembrance of Obeah persons whose bodies showed—so it was said—scorchings born of the burning

of their wings by candle-flame when they were fluttering abroad as moths; stories of the Boiling Lake of Dominica, where rations were cooked in the oven that was the hot ground; of humming birds—the crazy-crazy *fou-fou*, darting aimlessly from flower to flower; of the securing of *Ciceroo*, the shy, wary Imperial Parrot; and of the taking of a Nicholls' Parrot, "a species now believed to be extinct and, at that time, known to science by only three specimens in all the museums of the world." These with a marooning on an island created in the forest by a swollen river; a witch-doctor whose "little friend of the devil" veered to one side in mid-air to strike an unsuspected mulatto who was not in sight when it was thrown, and was found to be the thief sought; the showering of unsponsored stones on and into houses; and with the "thriller" disappearance of an elderly, asthmatic gentleman in a tweed suit who was seen four hours' ride away from his hotel ten minutes after he had left it—and that without possibility of "Schneidering."

Then Costa Rican jungles and such oddities as "piebald butterflies that, alone of all the butterfly tribe, emit a curious, musical, clicking note"; British Guiana in the "Earlies," with "honest Injuns," terrifying, treacherous whirlpools, the flesh-eating *perai*, "huge trees with trunks ending a yard or more above the earth and supported only by scores of tiny, stilt-like roots no thicker than a lead-pencil," ant-hiding orchids, slender saplings defying the machete to sever them, a vine spouting water, a tree yielding "milk," woods as non-inflammable as concrete, vampire bats from whom the natives shield themselves by wrapping themselves in their hammocks, to sleep "like giant caterpillars in their cocoons"; archers whose socket-headed, unfeathered arrows find their "gold" in living fish lured by whistle and by beckonings!; and, especially, the Poison-makers, particularly the Patamonas, the Macushis, and the Arekunas, specialists in *aurali*, that ravaging, lightning-stroke toxin sped on the tips of blow-gun darts by experts who can hit a visiting-card six times in quick succession with as many shots at forty yards!

Next "prize": Caribs—the People-Who-Eat-Alone, in pride—Kumwarry, the Chief, with the down of the king-vulture upon his forehead; Warraus with honeyed hair plastered with fish-scales; whip-dancing Arowaks lashing with braided bark; and "the admired, the feared, the envied, the courageous, the heroic *Generalissimo*, Don Demitrio Alvarado Leon de la Guardia, uniformed, epauletted, sabred, pistolled, spurred, a great and glorious Venezuelan in retreat.

Finally, the finds; two of them, and surprising to the nth. At Bocas del Toro, Panama, Mr. Verrill heard of Indians who talked "Henglish of a distin' specie. Yaas, Chief, it's mos' stranges' Henglish Ah ever hear, an' some o' they has Henglish names, beside. Pon mah word tha does, Chief." The ethnologist was questioning, but he decided to track these strange Valientes, these Boorabbees, to give them their true title. It is well that he "made walk." Guided by a coloured Prince Charley, he visited the "wild Indians." His passage from the royal canoe to the shore, across a bridge that was a single, slippery log, was not dignified. Seeking equilibrium in speed, he plunged into the waiting tribesmen. "I came to a standstill, or more correctly a sit-still," he records, "staring incredulously at one of the Indians, utterly unable to believe my ears. Roaring with laughter, he had greeted my precipitate arrival with the weirdest, most incongruous exclamation that ever issued from an aborigine's lips. 'Gadzooks!' he had ejaculated. "'Merican makeum passing funny ent'prise!'"

It was the "Henglish of a distin' specie." "Forsoot," was the second effort. "Within an hour," writes Mr. Verrill, "I had heard more than a score of words of similar vintage, and several times I was on the point of saying 'prithee' or 'forsooth' myself.

"The chief had asked me to 'bide' in his house. I was informed how many 'leagues' it was to the next village; I had exchanged a denim 'jerkin' for a 'pike' had given a 'bauble' (string of beads) for a woven pita hemp 'wallet'; had secured a bow and 'shafts'; had been told that there were 'full' many Indians farther up the river; had heard the women referred to as 'lassies'; had heard 'perchance,' 'mayhap,' 'aforesaid,' and many other less strikingly obsolete words used dozens of times, and had been assured that I could meet with good 'cheer' if I 'enterprised' the trip to the other villages among the hills. During my stay at these first houses I heard an Indian exclaim 'Zounds!' I secured a 'pollard,' which the Boorabbees used to clout an enemy or a wounded animal; had learned that there were not 'monstrous' many of the tribe, and had both 'drained' and 'quaffed' chicha and palm-wine with my new-made friends. They 'guzzled' their food, did not 'wot' how they happened to speak such quaint English—in fact, knew 'nowt' about it, and that 'gain' I visited the other tribesmen I would find them all using the same words."

The secret? Buccaneers who singed the beard of the King of Spain and others who did doughty—and doubtful—deeds. They had been friendly with the Indians, who had served them well. "And, of course, beyond the shadow of doubt, the Indians had learned the language of their British buccaneer friends and allies. . . . Here, back in the remote jungles, isolated, never mingling with the outer world, the quaint old-fashioned English words and phrases of buccaneering days had been preserved, handed down from generation to generation exactly as their forefathers heard them from the unshaven lips of many a blood-stained, devil-may-care buccaneer. . . . I discovered that the Boorabbees used their English

almost as much as their own dialect when conversing among themselves."

So much for one of the least anticipated disclosures. The other was to emerge near the Costa Rican boundary. None would credit the voyager when he asserted that he was looking for *Indios*. He *must* be after the lost Tisingal mine: all who journeyed to the neighbourhood were, whatever they might say! It is in the jungle, this will-o'-the-wisp that is centuries old. Many have followed it since the armoured Spaniards won its gold, forcing the Indians to construct corduroy roads to the distant sea, form stockades, set up forts, houses, barracks, a church; since they mounted bronze cannon "with their grim muzzles commanding the narrow pass that led to the richest of the Dons' mines in the New World"—only to be massacred by those they had enslaved. Many have sought it—and many have died. After the slaying, "for days the Indians toiled, until at last no vestige of the mine remained, until bridges had been destroyed, until even the roadway had been obliterated. Then again the forest swallowed the Indians. But ever, for months thereafter, skulking figures kept vigil beside the trail, and no Spaniard lived to reach the ruins of the place and carry back news of its fate to the settlements on the coast. Soon the spot was scarcely distinguishable from the rest of the jungle. Trees, creepers and vines obliterated the gash through the forest that had once been a road, and Tisingal became only a memory, and even its exact location was lost to the world."

How Mr. Verrill—thanks to a cured colic—was led stealthily to a pile of its rotting, moss-grown masonry, a stretch of its roughly-paved roadway, logs of a stockade or of a gate, and to two bronze cannon half-buried in the ground—one dated 1515 and each "thick with the verdigris of centuries of drenching tropical rains and ever-dripping moisture"—may be read in his book; and it should be said in passing that the reader is not advised to go seek the treasure guarded by that Jekyll-and-Hyde tribe, the semi-civilised Shayshans and the primitive Doraks. Better far, and safer far, to rest content, envying an author who can boast "Unquestionably I was the first civilised man to view these relics of the past and live to tell of it during all the years that had passed since Tisingal had been lost to the world," for he continues: "Near by, hidden in the rank growth, was wealth beyond one's wildest dreams. If I had dared enter that ominous jungle alone, a silent arrow might have sped from some lurking, watching savage, and my bones might have been added to those of other seekers for Tisingal." That is what to remember when you have ambitious thoughts of El Dorado: think not of clutching the crock at the rainbow's end!

And now, lastly—as the second of the five *Alls* is wont to say when sermonising—do not fail to travel the thirty



CALLING FISH TO THE ARROW! AN INDIAN OF GUIANA WHISTLING AND BECKONING, TO LURE HIS QUARRY TOWARDS HIM.

"If no fish are visible within range, he 'calls' them by a peculiar beckoning motion of his fingers and hand, and a peculiar low whistle. Whether or not the fish respond to the motion of the fingers or to the whistle, I cannot say. But that they do often rise to near the surface when thus 'called' is an indisputable fact. In all probability they mistake the motions of the fingers for a fluttering insect, and rise with the expectation of gobbling it up when it falls into the water."

Reproduced from "Thirty Years in the Jungle," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. John Lane, the Bodley Head.

years with the author in search of knowledge. To quote the Valiente, "'Merican makeum passing funny ent'prise!"; and it should be added that he has enterprised so keenly and so uncommonly that the cheer he offers is much more than ordinarily welcome.

E. H. G.

* "Thirty Years in the Jungle." By A. Hyatt Verrill. With Sixty Illustrations and a Sketch Map. (John Lane, the Bodley Head; 18s. net.)

OUR "WATCH ON THE RHINE" ENDING: A FINAL CHAPTER OF THE WAR.



THE REGIMENT THAT WILL BE THE LAST TO LEAVE WHEN THE FLAG IS FINALLY HAULED DOWN FROM BRITISH HEADQUARTERS AT WIESBADEN IN DECEMBER: THE 2ND BATTALION ROYAL FUSILIERS ON A ROUTE MARCH THROUGH THE TOWN, ESCORTED BY A TYPICAL PARTY OF LITTLE GERMAN STREET BOYS, INCLUDING ONE WITH A "SCOOTER."



WITH THEIR WHITE GOAT, RILLY, THE REGIMENTAL MASCOT, AND PIONEERS CARRYING AXES: THE ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS AT A GUARD-MOUNTING CEREMONY OUTSIDE BRITISH G.H.Q. AT WIESBADEN—WATCHED WITH INTEREST BY THE GERMAN INHABITANTS, WHOSE RELATIONS WITH THE BRITISH TROOPS HAVE BEEN "MOST CORDIAL."

The withdrawal of the British Army of the Rhine from Wiesbaden and the surrounding district began on September 14, and is to be completed by December 13. This occupation of "ex-enemy" territory, which has lasted eleven years, is probably without parallel in British military history. The total British force in the Rhineland is about 6000 men. The First Rhine Brigade comprises the 2nd Batt. Royal Welch Fusiliers, 2nd Batt. Hampshire Regiment, and 1st Batt. Prince of Wales's Volunteers. The Second Rhine Brigade is composed of the 2nd Batt. Royal Fusiliers, 2nd Batt. Leicestershire Regiment, and 2nd Batt. Dorsetshire Regiment. There is also a battalion of the Royal Tank Corps and various other units. The greater part of the Rhine Army has been stationed in and around Wiesbaden,

and the Headquarters Staff is housed in the Hotel Hohenzollern, close to the town gardens and the Kurhaus. Here there will be a final farewell ceremony in December, when the flag is hauled down from G.H.Q., and the Royal Fusiliers will then be the last to leave. The Commander-in-Chief, Lieut.-Gen. Sir William Thwaites, in a recent order, referred to the end of "the watch on the Rhine" which (he said) "will become a tradition of which all ranks may be justly proud, for during the whole course of the occupation the troops have gained lasting prestige for themselves, and for the whole British Army, by their bearing, efficiency, exemplary behaviour, consideration and courtesy towards German nationals." A letter of thanks to the same effect was sent by the Secretary for War.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



SEAPLANES USED TO MAKE A TREATY WITH FAR-AWAY INDIANS: VESSELS OF THE ONTARIO PROVINCIAL AIR FORCE AT TROUT LAKE.

These photographs reach us from the Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Canadian Government Department of the Interior. That on the left is entitled: "Some ships of the Ontario Provincial Air Force at Trout Lake, at anchor after having brought the Dominion Government and Ontario officials to this northern trading post to make treaty with the Indians." (Continued opposite.)



TURKISH WOMEN FOLLOWING THEIR WESTERN SISTERS: THE FIRST BEAUTY CONTEST EVER HELD IN TURKEY: A GROUP OF COMPETITORS IN WESTERN ATTIRE.

The beauty competition here illustrated is described (by the sender of the photograph) as the first ever held in Turkey among Turkish women. The effect of Kemal Pasha's social reforms is evident in the fact that all the competitors are in Western dress. The event was organised by the Stamboul daily paper, "Djumburiyet," which is published in Turkish and French.



A SIGN OF LONG-CONTINUED DROUGHT: THE WELSH HARP AT HENDON DRIED UP; AND A STRANDED "SPEED-BOAT" IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LAKE.

The drying-up of the Welsh Harp lake at Hendon has been one of the most striking results of the recent continued drought. A meteorological report of September 15 stated that a large part of Southern England had then been without measurable rain for more than three weeks. This has been the second abnormally long spell of absolute drought during this year, for the month



SOME OF THE SIX HUNDRED "INDIANS" ASSEMBLED AT TROUT LAKE TO MAKE TREATY WITH THE WHITE MAN: A PICTURESQUE GROUP.

The other photograph illustrates a little-recorded incident—a gathering of 600 Indians in connection with the signing of the treaty, which brought some 3000 Indians in all under Government protection. The interesting point is the increasing use of aircraft in so many parts of the world. Aeroplanes have been used for a year in survey work in Hudson Bay.



ONE OF CALIGULA'S PLEASURE-GALLEYS IN LAKE NEMI NOW COMPLETELY REVEALED BY THE DRAINING OF THE LAKE: A GENERAL VIEW.

One of the two ancient Roman pleasure-galleys of the Emperor Caligula, sunk for some 1800 years, and recently revealed by draining the water away, has now been completely uncovered. It is to be removed to a place of safety further inland. Divers have examined the other, which was found to have lost its lateral boarding and to be largely buried in mud.



AFTER NEARLY A MONTH WITHOUT RAIN: A RAFT FOR LAUNCHING SPEED-BOATS ON THE WELSH HARP LYING HIGH AND DRY AMONG THE WEEDS.

of March was also entirely rainless in some London districts. The lack of rain in the first half of September was accompanied by persistent warmth and brilliant sunshine that was equally unusual. Only in one or two years since 1841, it is stated, has such a long sequence of bright weather been recorded here in September.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL NOTES ON CURRENT HAPPENINGS.



WINNER OF THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT'S CUP FOR THE HIGHEST MOTOR-BOAT SPEED, WITH 92.8 M.P.H.: SIR HENRY SEGRAVE PILOTING "MISS ENGLAND."
At the Lido, Venice, on September 12, Sir Henry Segrave, piloting "Miss England," attained a speed of 92.8 m.p.h. over six straight mile laps. On the 14th, as this speed had not been beaten, the committee cancelled further racing and awarded him the Crown Prince of Italy's Cup. Sir Henry Segrave also won the Count Volpi Cup over a circular course.



THE PASSING OF A FAMOUS WAR-SHIP: H.M.S. "IMPREGNABLE" (EX-"POWERFUL") BEING TOWED OUT OF DEVONPORT BY TUGS TO BE BROKEN UP.
The "Impregnable" has been the boys' Training Ship Establishment at Devonport for sixty-six years and flag-ship of many Commanders-in-Chief. Thousands of boys have passed through her, including Captain T. J. S. Lyne, who returned thirty years later as her Captain. Her guns were landed for the defence of Ladysmith in the Boer War, and in her time she was the most powerful cruiser afloat.



THE FINNISH PASSENGER-BOAT THAT CAPSIZED AND SANK IN A STORM ON LAKE NASIJARVI, WITH 150 PEOPLE ON BOARD: THE S.S. "KURU."
washed over her forepart, the engines were stopped, and the intruding water caused a list. Soon afterwards the "Kuru" capsized and sank almost at once. About 30 passengers secured lifebelts and jumped overboard. The disaster occurred in full view of a crowd at Tammerfors harbour. Two small steamers went out with great difficulty and rescued 13 people.

A LAKE-STEAMER DISASTER IN FINLAND WITH THE LOSS OF SOME SEVENTY LIVES: THE RAGING WATERS OFF TAMMERFORS WHERE THE "KURU" WENT DOWN.
The Finnish passenger-steamer "Kuru" (137 tons) sank in a storm on Lake Nasijarvi, on September 7, with the loss of at least seventy lives. The number of passengers was estimated to be about 150, mostly farmers with their womenfolk, and school-children. The vessel started from Tammerfors according to time-table, though a strong gale was blowing. About a mile from shore a big wave [Continued opposite.]



THE WRECK OF THE "HIGHLAND PRIDE," WHOSE PASSENGERS AND CREW WERE ALL SAVED: THE HALF-SUBMERGED LINER ON THE ROCKS NEAR VIGO BAY.
As noted in our issue of the 14th, the Nelson liner "Highland Pride," bound from London to Buenos Aires, struck rocks near Vigo Bay, about midnight on September 8. All on board (63 passengers and 89 crew) were safely landed by the ship's lifeboats and Spanish fishing-craft. The liner afterwards broke in two amidships, and salvage work was concentrated on the cargo—some 3000 tons of merchandise, chiefly British machinery, and preserved fish from Vigo. There was also livestock, including pedigree bulls, heifers, and sheep, most of which were saved.



AN EXTRAORDINARY "EPIDEMIC" OF WINDOW-SLASHING IN LONDON: A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF DAMAGE DONE AT A FURNITURE SHOP IN TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.
During the night of September 11-12 scores of plate-glass windows of big stores in Knights-bridge and Brompton Road were slashed, apparently with a diamond fixed in a glass-cutter. On the 14th the "slashing" was renewed in Tottenham Court Road and the neighbourhood, where over 200 windows suffered; also in Oxford Street, Edgware Road, Hammersmith, and elsewhere. During the week-end the outrages spread to many other London districts, and the total damage rose to several thousand pounds. The police suspected political motives.

Difficulties of Scientific Treasure-Hunting.

RETRIEVING WORKS OF ANCIENT ART CRUSHED IN THE SOIL AT UR.

By C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, Director of the Joint Expedition of the British Museum and the Pennsylvania University Museum to Mesopotamia.

FEW people looking at the objects from Ur exhibited in the British Museum would realise the amount of actual labour which is required for their discovery. It is perfectly true that things may be found close to the surface, rewarding almost the

and where the instruments overlapped they were crushed right through each other, twisted and warped and almost inextricably mixed.

We were working with knives, clearing away the last four or five inches of earth that covered one of the silver lyres, when, with a lump of the hard soil, there came away a few triangular pieces of shell and lapis-lazuli inlay, which had been lying on the top of the rotten silver; following these up we found one of the uprights of the gold lyre. Work of this sort needs the greatest care. The *tesserae* belonging to the upper face of the woodwork have fallen through on to those of the lower face, and those of the edges may still be standing upright in the ground, or may have

When all was clear, photographs were taken of the lyre, and scale drawings were made; these showed the mosaic as it lay, and in addition there were many measurements checking all the irregularities, so that, by striking a balance, the original dimensions could be arrived at with accuracy. Now the lyre was ready for removal. For this, boiling paraffin wax was poured over the mosaic, and strips of muslin dipped in hot wax were laid along and pressed on to it. In this way the decoration of the sounding-box was turned into a solid mass which could be lifted up by means of the muslin and a board slipped under it, and it was then fixed to the board with wax so as to keep it in shape, while sticks were waxed to each of the uprights, and they also were lifted each as a whole. The gold head and the shell plaques were lifted separately, the latter, too, being waxed together and backed with muslin. In the British Museum, a new lyre body was made in solid walnut wood according to the measurements taken of the mosaic in the field, and the *tesserae* were transferred to this from the strips of waxed muslin, each piece being removed and



THE GOLD HARP AND ONE OF THE SILVER HARPS AS THEY WERE FOUND: THE FRAGILE REMAINS IN SITU IN THE SOIL—SHOWING THE BULL'S HEAD (CENTRE FOREGROUND).

first turn of the spade; but generally such would be objects divorced from their proper setting and brought by accident into a level with which they have no historical connection, or else they must belong to the very latest period in the city's existence. But the tombs which have yielded our greatest treasures lie deep down, and to find them we have had to excavate a pit which now measures more than fifty yards across, and anything up to forty feet in depth; and, since graves may occur at any level, and isolated objects from plundered graves may lie anywhere in the tight-packed earth, work has to go forward cautiously, and the digging out of so many thousand of tons of soil has been a slow and a toilsome business.

The great death-pit in which were found the harp and the statues illustrated in colour in this number was originally open to the sky, and, when the earth was thrown back into it after the ceremonies of the king's funeral were complete, there was nothing except a shroud of reed-matting to protect the delicate offerings deposited there from the soil. When we dug it out, it was not surprising to find that everything was crushed, the skulls of the women victims grotesquely flattened and distorted, their big earrings of hollow gold squeezed flat, the lyres and the statues reduced to mere silhouettes of themselves. The treasures of a rock-cut tomb may be discovered looking almost uncannily new, but those which, as at Ur, have lain for five thousand years and more under thirty feet of soil are only too often in a sorry state: however much labour has gone to the finding of them, yet, great as that is, it may cost as much again to remove them from the earth and to prepare them for exhibition.

The splendid lyre shown in the coloured picture was one of four which had been piled one on another at the bottom of the death-pit; of the others, two were of wood plated with silver and one of wood decorated with a copper statue of a stag. As the mats spread over the offerings decayed, the earth settled down and surrounded the objects, which were thus brought into direct contact with the damp and acid-impregnated soil. Gradually the wood likewise decayed and vanished altogether, and the earth above pressed down to fill the gap. In the case of the other lyres, the thin silver plate which covered the wood had also decayed, and now cracked and gave way until the edges buckled out and the two sides touched each other; the gold lyre collapsed in the same way,

fallen with them in disorder. Thanks to the earth which surrounds it, the mosaic may have kept its position fairly well on the whole, but, as it is now necessary to remove that earth, and as the bitumen into which the *tesserae* were originally fixed has turned to powder, it is extremely difficult not to disturb the little squares and triangles; there is nothing to hold them in place, and the only thing to which they are inclined to stick is just that earth which one is trying to remove. Lying on one's face, one uses the knife-edge to break up the earth coating into dust light enough to be blown away; but one too quick movement of the hand, or one too violent breath, may scatter the *tesserae*, which, for the reconstruction of the object, it is essential to keep in their position; yet, if the cleaning be not thoroughly done, the next stages of the work cannot be successful. The uprights, with their heavier mosaic, were a less tiresome problem than the sounding-board, for here the *tesserae*, being merely let into the border of the woodwork, instead of encasing it entirely, could slip sideways as well as collapse inwards, and the lines were more difficult to follow; further, a silver bar from one of the other lyres had fallen across it, and had broken away most of the front end. It was just as we nearly despaired of completing it that we found the great gold bull's head with its shell plaques giving definitely the front edge of the instrument.



TRACES OF A WOODEN WHEEL OF A CHARIOT OR WAGON, WHICH HAD CONTAINED TWO LARGE COPPER POTS: THE IMPRESSION OF THE WHEEL AND THE GRAIN OF THE VANISHED WOOD CLEARLY VISIBLE.



THE HEAD OF ONE OF THE COURT LADIES FROM THE GREAT DEATH-PIT: THE FLATTENED AND BROKEN SKULL, WITH ALL ITS ORNAMENTS, REMOVED AND MOUNTED EXACTLY AS IT LAY IN THE GROUND.

cleaned and refixed in its original position on the new background: in a few places, where the design had been broken, it was completed with the *tesserae* which had been found loose in the earth; but for the greater part of the decoration we have not merely a copy of the original pattern, but an exact reproduction of it with the individual pieces of lapis lazuli, red stone, and shell in their original places. The only doubtful point is the length of the legs. Here there was no mosaic to guide us, and it may well be that the legs were rather longer than they have been made in the restoration; but otherwise the fitting of the mosaic proved the accuracy of our field measurements, and the new lyre must be within an eighth of an inch a replica of the old.

The importance of employing methods of this sort is shown by the following. On the side of the lyre which lay downwards in the soil, and was therefore not seen by us until the work of reconstruction was in progress, there is in the middle of the lower edge of the sounding-box a sudden interruption of the pattern of the mosaic. For half the width of the band there are short vertical rods of red and white, and below these a gap indicating a hole through the wood: either this was an air-hole to increase the tone of the box, or it was for a pedal: had the *tesserae* not been waxed together and lifted as a continuous strip, the existence of this interesting feature could never have been guessed. I should explain that the strings were all at the back end of the instrument; they were attached above to that part of the cross-beam which was not plated with silver, and below were fixed into the side of the sounding-box

Treasures from Ur Reproduced in Their Natural Colours.

AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.



AN "ECHO" OF SUMERIAN MUSIC 5000 YEARS AGO: A RESTORATION OF A ROYAL LYRE FROM UR, DECORATED WITH A GOLD HEAD OF A BEARDED BULL.—(SHOWN BELOW) PART OF A SUMERIAN WOMAN'S HEAD-DRESS.

THE outstanding object of interest in the British Museum's present exhibition of Mr. Leonard Woolley's latest discoveries at Ur is this royal lyre, decorated with a magnificent head of a bearded bull, in heavy gold, of which we give a larger, full-face view on page 506. When the head was found, nothing remained of the woodwork of the lyre, but it has since been accurately reconstructed, as shown here, in its original form. The mosaic, with which the wood had been thickly encrusted, had kept its position in the soil, so that exact measurements could be taken. Most of the mosaic itself was removed in large sections, held together by a waxed cloth, from which it was transferred, piece by piece, to the new frame.



The restored lyre, ablaze with gold and colour, is indeed a thing of beauty, which has thus been saved from passing "into nothingness." Except the wood, the silver on the crossbar is the only part of the instrument that has suffered from the decay due to lying buried in the soil of Mesopotamia for more than fifty centuries. Describing the newly-found "death-pit" containing 45 bodies (39 women), Mr. Woolley writes: "In the king's grave last year we found nine Court ladies wearing head-dresses of gold and semi-precious stones. Here there are already 34 such head-dresses, and for the most part far more splendid." They include inlaid pendants and necklaces of gold and lapis, such as that shown above.

Sumerian Animal Sculpture from Ur: "Miracles" of Craftsmanship 5000 Years Old—Restored and Otherwise.

AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.



ADORNED WITH A MAGNIFICENT HEAD OF A BEARDED BULL IN GOLD: PART OF THE LYRE (ILLUSTRATED IN ITS ENTIRETY ON PAGE 505) LATELY FOUND AT UR. A FRONT VIEW.



AS RESTORED: ONE OF THE TWO REMARKABLE STATUES OF "A RAM CAUGHT IN A THICKET" FOUND AT UR—A MASTERPIECE OF ANCIENT SUMERIAN ART IN GOLD, SHELL, AND LAPIS LAZULI. (FOR COMPARISON WITH THE UNRESTORED COME



STATUES OF "A RAM CAUGHT IN A THICKET" FOUND AT UR (FOR COMPARISON WITH THE UNRESTORED COME



AS FOUND, FLATTENED OUT IN THE SOIL AFTER BURIAL FOR 5000 YEARS: A SIMILAR FIGURE OF A RAM (FOR COMPARISON WITH THE RESTORED EXAMPLE ADJOINING).

The difference between works of ancient art as found in the soil, and as they appear after restoration, is exemplified in these photographs. The gold head of a bull on the left is part of the decoration of the royal lyre from Ur, a restoration of which in its entirety appears in colour on page 505. The above illustration, on a larger scale, gives a better view of the detail. Of this instrument, Mr. Leonard Woolley, the discoverer, writes: "The sounding-box was decorated with broad bands of mosaic, the upright beams encrusted with shell, lapis-lazuli, and red stone between bands of gold, the top bar plated with silver. In front of the sounding-box was a magnificent head of a bearded bull in gold, and, below this, shell plaques with designs picked out in red and black." Among the other wonderful things found at Ur by Mr. Woolley, during his last season's work, were two statues representing "a

ram caught in a thicket." In the new exhibition of his discoveries, now open at the British Museum, one of these rams is shown in the condition in which it was found (as shown above on the right), while the other has been entirely restored (as seen in the centre). "The gold tree," says a writer in the "Times," "is set in a little stand decorated with pink and white mosaic and silver. Behind it stands the ram, peering out through the branches, his golden face, with its long lapis-lazuli horns and drooping ears of green copper, half hidden by the plant. The legs, of thin gold leaf over a wooden core, which perished long since, are delicately rendered. The fleece, each lock of hair separately carved in a piece of shell, is very naturalistic. . . the convention by which the wool of the shoulders is worked in bright blue is almost shocking, though the colour adds enormously to the richness."



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MIXTURE TOBACCO

SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. H. W. KOEKKOEK.
A Staff Artist of "The Illustrated London News" for many years. Specialised in military subjects. Born in Holland 1867. Died Amsterdam, September 9, 1929. Aged sixty-two.



SIR ROBERT S. LORIMER,
K.B.E., A.R.A., F.R.I.B.A.
Architect of the Scottish National War Memorial, and the Knights of the Thistle Chapel at St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh (1909). Died, September 11; born 1864.

MR. R. HOPKIN MORRIS, M.P. SIR HENRY B. BETTERTON, BT., M.P. MR. HENRY SNELL, M.P.

The Secretary of State for the Colonies has appointed three Members of Parliament to form the Commission of Inquiry regarding the Palestine disturbances. They are: Mr. R. Hopkin Morris, M.P. (Liberal), Sir Henry B. Betterton, Bt., M.P. (Conservative), and Mr. Henry Snell, M.P. (Labour). They will serve under the Chairmanship of Sir Walter Shaw, formerly Chief Justice of the Straits Settlements.



MR. WILLIAM B. SHEARER.
It has been stated that Mr. Shearer, who is supposed to have been active as a "Big Navy" propagandist at Geneva, has sued three U.S.A. shipyards by whom he was employed.



RT. HON. STANLEY M. BRUCE, P.C., C.H.
Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth, whose Government lately suffered a reverse. Mr. Bruce's request for dissolution was granted.



RT. HON. W. M. HUGHES, P.C., K.C.
Prime Minister, Australian Commonwealth, 1915-1923. On September 10, he moved an Amendment, and the House accepted. Dissolution followed.



SIR EDWARD MAUNDE THOMPSON, G.C.B., I.S.O., D.C.L., LL.D.
Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum, 1893-1909. Noted Palaeographer. President of the New Palaeographical Society. Died, September 14. Aged 89.



MISS NAN BAIRD (RIGHT), WINNER OF THE GIRLS' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, WITH HER "RUNNER-UP," MISS SYLVIA BAILEY (LEFT). The Girls' Golf Championship was played at Stoke Poges, September 13. Miss Nan Baird, of Prestwich St. Nicholas, won by four up and three to play beating Miss Sylvia Bailey, of Coombe Wood.



SIR GILBERT CLAYTON, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B.
High Commissioner for Iraq. Director of Intelligence, Egypt (1914-1917), Chief Secretary, Government of Palestine, 1922-5. Died Baghdad, Sept. 11. Aged 54.



SIR JOHN M. GATTI, M.A., J.P.
Served for many years on the London County Council, of which he was Chairman, 1927-1928. Mayor of Westminster, 1911-1912. Died, September 14. Born 1872.



THE "AMIR HABIBULLAH" OF AFGHANISTAN. The rebel leader, Bacha-i-Saqao, who assumed power in Kabul with the title, "Amir Habibullah," after the abdication of both the ex-King Amanullah and the latter's brother, Inayatullah. The latest news concerning the Afghan Civil War states that Kandahar has been occupied by Duranis without fighting.



SIR HENRY SEGRAVE (LEFT), WINNER OF THE PRINCE OF PIEMONTE'S CUP AT THE LIDO, VENICE.

During the recent International Motor-Boat Races held at the Lido, Sir Henry Segrave won the Cup presented by the Prince of Piedmont. His boat, "Miss England," did six straight mile laps at 92.8 m.p.h. Sir Henry also won the Count Volpi Cup by doing four circular laps at 68 m.p.h.



HERR RICHARD M. BUSSE AT THE WHEEL OF "BUSSARD III," WHICH WON THE "TATLER" CUP AT THE LIDO.

At the International Motor-Boat Races held at the Lido, Venice, last week, Herr R. M. Busse won the Cup presented by the Proprietors of the "Tatler." The race was held over a closed course of 25 kilometres for the first day's trial, and 40 kilometres for the second. Herr Busse was awarded the Cup for making the best run over the two days.

My Methods for the Identification of Criminals.

By GASTON-EDMOND BAYLE, the famous Chief of the Paris Criminal Investigation Laboratories—written in collaboration with H. ASHTON-WOLFE.

NOTE.—M. BAYLE WAS SHOT AND KILLED ON SEPTEMBER 16, ON THE STAIRCASE LEADING TO HIS OFFICE.

Mr. Ashton-Wolfe informs us that in consequence of the articles which appeared in "The Illustrated London News" the Paris Sûreté have received countless letters, not only from amateur criminologists, but from the heads of police departments of many countries. This fact decided M. Bayle, chief of the Paris laboratories, to place at Mr. Ashton-Wolfe's disposal a complete résumé of the methods employed for combating crime and the detection of criminals.

THE basis of all police work is the ability to recognise an offender, notwithstanding the changes wrought in his appearance by the passing years and the multiple tricks of disguise and even wilful mutilation. Fingerprints can only be of assistance in this Herculean task if the suspect or the wanted man has at some time in his career been arrested. Then, indeed, they establish his identity once and for all. But, even so, when a detective is searching for a fugitive from justice, he cannot step up to any man in public because of a superficial resemblance and request him to submit to the ordeal of the ink and pad. Nor can the police officer lightly arrest a man on suspicion merely for that purpose. He may, it is true, keep him under observation until he feels reasonably sure that the fellow he suspects is the offender—but that is just where the difficulties begin. At the least sign of danger the quarry will flee—use disguises—or go into hiding. Therefore a method has been evolved which makes it possible for the detective to recognise his man in spite of disguises and in spite of age or mutilation. This method, which I have already briefly outlined, takes into consideration only those parts of the human anatomy which nothing can alter; neither beard, wig, grease-paint, nor any of the artificial adjuncts of the professional crook. It was invented by a humble clerk of the Paris Ministry of Justice, Alphonse Bertillon, whose genius quickly brought him to the fore, until he became the chief of the French criminal identity department and the pioneer of scientific investigation. This complex system has been simplified and perfected by the present chief of the laboratories (M. Bayle) but the broad, fundamental traits are still employed.



A FAMOUS FRENCH DETECTIVE CHIEF SHOT DEAD: THE LATE M. GASTON-EDMOND BAYLE, DISCIPLE AND SUCCESSOR OF BERTILLON.

M. Gaston Bayle, the Director of the Anthropometric Department of the Paris Sûreté, was shot dead, on September 16, on the stairs leading to his office in the Palais de Justice. A man named Jean-Emile Philipponet was immediately arrested and charged with the murder. M. Bayle was a disciple of Bertillon, the famous identity expert, and succeeded him in 1921. He had charge of the fingerprints and descriptions of over 300,000 French and foreign criminals, and had been instrumental in bringing to justice many murderers, including Landru. He was a past-master in the scientific detection of crime, as is evident from the accompanying article.

Every detective is compelled to learn the intricacies of what has been so aptly termed the "spoken portrait." By its help, an absconding

banker, who had adopted a consummate disguise, was arrested in Paris only some months ago, whilst the police were searching for him in South Africa. The clever detective who made the capture noticed a man who was superficially entirely different from the banker, but whose ears corresponded to the description which had been sent to every police official. Ignoring the man's beard, moustache, curly hair, and tinted glasses, the detective mentally conned over the salient points. Nose convex, with drooping point; small scar on left temple; lobe of ears detached, with deformed helix. It was worth the risk, and half an hour later, despoiled of his hirsute adornments, the embezzler was shut in a cell at the Dépôt.

Before entering upon a detailed enumeration of the characteristics which make such clever captures possible it will not be without interest, perhaps, to describe some typical instances of amazing disguises in circumstances which excluded the possibility of identification by fingerprints. Some time ago a wealthy lady whose entire fortune was in valuable Government bonds, which, foolishly enough, she kept hidden under a loose board in her bedroom, was found murdered. She had been strangled by means of a silk cord cut from her bedroom curtains. Robbery was not at first believed to be the motive, for nothing in the house had been touched. Enquiries elicited the fact, however, that neither the bank nor her legal advisers had been entrusted with the considerable sum which it was certain she had possessed. Thereupon, a minute search of the premises brought to light a cunningly contrived hiding-place under the floor. This proved that the murderer must have been an intimate friend. The loose board fitted so well that it could not have been found by chance. Among her friends was a well-known doctor who had practised for many years in Algiers. This man had disappeared and could not be traced. A description obtained from the neighbours was vague, although all were agreed that he was a handsome, dignified man of forty-five or thereabouts, with curly hair and beard slightly flecked with grey. But there was only one outstanding point which everyone had noticed; his eyes were a peculiarly hard light-blue, and his short, somewhat tip-tilted nose had a tiny lump on the bridge. Detectives searched high and low for many months. Then one day, whilst classifying the Bertillon charts at the Paris headquarters, where all prison photographs are grouped, the officer whose work this was happened to examine a double photograph of a convict undergoing a two-years' sentence for robbery at Brest. He was struck by a curious tiny lump on the man's nose. The photograph was shown to the murdered woman's friends and neighbours, who laughed derisively at the mere idea that so hideous a creature could be mistaken for the handsome doctor. Yet upon investigation, many apparently insignificant details came to light. Twice when applying to the prison doctor for medicine this convict had used technical terms common to the medical profession. He had committed his crime with unwonted stupidity, as though anxious to be arrested, and his steely grey-blue eyes had been remarked many times.

The prisoner was transferred to Paris, and orders given that his hair, beard, and moustache should be allowed to grow. The transformation was extraordinary, and when the sceptical neighbours were taken to view him in his cell, they instantly recognised the man. It was the missing doctor, who had purposely committed a foolish crime, convinced that nowhere would he be so well hidden as in prison. But proof was still lacking that he had murdered the old lady. When his short sentence expired he was released, but closely watched. Yet once again he disappeared. A year passed before a detective, applying the "spoken portrait" method, ran him to earth in Toulon. He was now become a veterinary surgeon, and esteemed by all. It was fortunate that his arrest took place when it did, for he had sold his practice, assured that he could now leave France without danger, and was preparing to cross into Italy. In his house were the bonds stolen from the murdered woman.

Only the subconscious observation of the specialist, trained to disregard all but the basic human structure, brought about the doctor's downfall.

Although apparently a simple matter, nothing is so difficult as to compose a correct detailed description of a man's or woman's features. We all know that, if ten people are requested to formulate the same person's appearance, no two versions will tally. Probably this is so because the human face is such

a familiar object that the eyes have become blunted to its distinctive features, just as a man in a factory no longer pays any attention to the ear-splitting howl of a circular saw. A proof of most people's absolute inability to describe a face so that it stands out as a separate entity, is the manner in which a passport



THE SCENE ON THE STAIRS OF THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE IN PARIS JUST AFTER M. BAYLE HAD BEEN SHOT: THE BODY SURROUNDED BY POLICE AND DETECTIVES—(INSET) THE ARRESTED MAN, JEAN-EMILE PHILIPPONET.

is generally filled in. "Eyes—grey blue; mouth normal, nose small," and so forth. A description that can be applied to thousands. Yet it is an indisputable, although astounding, fact that no two people are absolutely alike, and each face may be described verbally in such fashion that it can be instantly recognised by the trained observer. This is the "spoken portrait" invented by Alphonse Bertillon at a time when fingerprint classification and telephotography were still in their infancy. Modified and perfected by succeeding experts and revised by the present chief of the Paris technical laboratories, it is still the essential basis of criminal identification. If the various methods already described are essential for ascertaining who committed a crime, the old adage regarding a rabbit stew, "first catch your rabbit!" is a formula every detective must learn at the outset of his career. Generally when the malefactor is a professional—with one or several convictions—the police possess his photograph and fingerprint chart. But many crimes are committed by men with no previous convictions, and often nothing but a verbal description of their appearance is available. Then it is that the "spoken portrait" becomes invaluable. It has been disdainfully rejected as out of date by the authorities in many countries, because fingerprints attracted them by their novelty. Another reason, probably, is that the Bertillon method requires a certain amount of study and application on the part of the detective, and therefore, when possible, he prefers to take the line of least resistance and carries a photograph of the wanted man in his pocket. A detective trained to apply the descriptive method can go to a railway station, for instance, and arrest a man he has never seen, be he ever so cunningly disguised, and he can pick him out instantly from among a crowd of arrivals with nothing to guide him but a hurried telephone message. It is, of course, impossible to enumerate all the details of the system, but a general aperçu of the fundamental principle will make it possible for anyone to apply it.

The "spoken portrait" is divided into:

- I. Chromatic characteristics; that is, the distinctive pigmentary signs, such as the colour of the iris, eyebrows, hair, skin, and beard.
- II. The racial characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon, Oriental, Negroid, and Mongolian; and
- III. The morphological divisions which comprise the shape of every constant feature.

No man in France can become a detective until he has memorised every single phase of the method, and can instantly describe a man or woman by means of the jargon of abbreviations, which, to the initiated, is as plain as Pitman's shorthand to the practised stenographer.

One of the reasons why the layman cannot memorise a face in words is that he has no vocabulary to suit the need, and it is this vocabulary which



A SCIENTIFIC METHOD OF DETECTION PRACTISED BY THE LATE M. GASTON BAYLE: IDENTITY REVEALED (DESPITE A BEARD) BY THE SPIRAL, LOBE OF THE EAR AND THE FACIAL ANGLE—TWO PAIRS OF BERTILLON PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SAME MAN TAKEN AT AN INTERVAL OF TEN YEARS.

was one of the first things the experts created. When we can describe a man as: "*Medium-tall, muscular and corpulent; brachycephalic (round-headed) with low forehead; short, straight black hair coming to a point between bushy eyebrows; clean-shaven, with large ears set at right angles to the skull; eyes black, deep-set, small and mobile; nose flat, negroid, with wide nostrils; fleshy lips; angry red bullet scar on left cheek; bull-dog chin; abnormal canine teeth*"—we already have a mental picture of a simian, criminal type which would fix his unpleasant personality on our memory. If to this description is added a swarthy skin, hairy forearms, and an anchor tattooed on left hand, we visualise a Celtic or Latin seafarer, who is either a petty officer or a trader, since the hard life of an ordinary seaman would not be conducive to corpulence. Yet the description is far from being technically complete, and could still be applied to some hundreds of men. Something more definite is needed to make it absolutely individual. It must be remembered also that, should the fellow fear the police, he could by hard work diminish the corpulence, and he could easily let his hair grow and shave the typical point between the brows. A beard and moustache would hide the teeth, chin, lips, and scar; glasses the eyes, and gloves would cover the tattooed anchor. Thus the foregoing elaborate description would become useless. In order to pick out such a man in a crowded street, the trained observer would require details which nothing could conceal nor alter, and it is these which the Bertillon method supplies.

The "spoken portrait" must not, however, be confounded with the famous anthropometrical system. The latter is a description obtained by means of instruments, measurements, and photographs. The other is the systematic identification of a criminal from a distance by means of the eyes alone, in circumstances where neither camera nor instruments can be used. It is an instantaneous analysis, not only of the composite personality, but of each feature. The layman, when he wishes to describe a nose, for instance, will use the terms, short, long, fleshy, curved, or tip-tilted. He has no words for the countless noses which are neither curved nor tip-tilted. It is necessary, therefore, to analyse that feature by taking as a basis those characteristics which vary most in every human being. These are:

1. The hollow at the base of the nose.
2. The ridge which forms the profile of the organ.
3. The angle or slope of the extremity.
4. The angle from the base to the nostrils, and their distance from the cheek.
5. The length of the point from the juncture of nostrils and cheek; and finally the width at the base and at the nostrils.

Obviously, the variety of shapes of the human nose is infinite. Then to the shape is joined the

colour, and thus we may have the formula: 1. Deep. 2. Convex. 3. Drooping. 4. Low. 5. Acute. 6. High. 7. Red-medium. Abbreviations are, of course, used for these terms, and any specific malformation, scar, or discoloration would be added. It is fairly obvious that, if every one of the seven descriptive terms are found to fit the nose of a suspect, the detective may proceed to the mental enumeration of the characteristics of his other features. No doubt this clumsy and lengthy description of the system of visual recognition makes it appear cumbersome and impracticable, but, in reality, the eye of the trained observer will seize upon the vital points in a fraction of time. The great difficulty which the experts encountered in establishing their basic tables was the constant repetition of the definition *medium*. It is a fact that a laxity of expression causes us to classify most normal beings as medium. Medium height, medium eyes, and so forth. In reality there is no such thing when the complete picture is established. A man's nose may be lacking in outstanding signs, but when taken in conjunction with his eyes, brow, mouth, wrinkles, hair, and skull—he ceases to be without distinctive characteristics. Whenever a feature is truly featureless it is omitted. Only those forms which oscillate between a maximum and minimum are useful for a verbal description. There is some distinctive trait in every man's appearance, and when this is added to the minute analysis of even commonplace features he becomes a definite entity not to be mistaken for another.

The visible parts of the human eye are the eyeball, the iris, and the pupil.

The iris varies according to the amount of pigmentary substance, fluctuating between pale blue, slate blue, dark blue, light hazel, light brown, and dark brown. There are no such things as grey or black eyes. A grey eye is always a light slate blue, and the black is no true black, but a very dark brown. There is also the tint commonly termed green, which is really a superposition of blue on yellow, with a predominance of the latter. These colours are modified by lines, spots, or other irregularities. Many eyes are deeper in tint near the pupil and lighter near the eyeball, and there is also the curious milky circle termed the senile halo. To these colour definitions is joined the technical description of the shape of the eyes; their position, which may be protruding or deeply set, and the colour of the eyeball, which may be blue-white, yellow, or mottled. Moreover, many people's eyes are asymmetrical in shape, or dissimilar in colour, and there are the numerous diseases of the eye, and abnormally small or hyperdilated pupils. Hair is classified chromatically, as albino-fair, light-yellow, medium-fair, dark-fair, ash-blond, light-brown, medium, dark-brown, and pure black. The last is only found in Spain and the East. Then there are the many gradations of red, familiar to all, and the various degrees of grey to white. To the colour is added the quality. Straight, wavy, curly, and so forth; the many types of baldness, and the manner in which the hair covers the occiput and the forehead. Baldness may be nascent or very pronounced; tonsural, frontal, or fronto-parietal. There is also total alopecia to be considered, since there are men who have neither hair, eyebrows, nor eyelashes. Naturally beard and moustache are taken into consideration, but they are not important. What is important, because generally constant, is

the complexion, which runs through an infinite number of tints from livid to apoplectic, and from lemon-yellow to dark-brown. Without becoming too technical, I hope to have shown already how a grouping of all the component details of a human face will gradually cause an individual to emerge from the amorphous state, until he suddenly becomes clear, distinct, and not to be mistaken for another, be it even his twin brother. The mouth, ears, and skull are, however, the essential features, which will complete this *résumé* of criminal identification. Although the subject is naturally of especial interest to the scientific investigator, the ability to memorise faces and to pierce disguises may not be without its uses to every one of us. The ability to observe details subconsciously is not to be disdained. There is the famous Peltzer case, for instance, where a criminal deliberately created a fictitious personality. He used a wig, a false moustache, and grease paint, and for several months masqueraded as a wealthy ship-owner under this disguise. He killed a lawyer whose wife and money his brother coveted. How easily the victim could have identified the pseudo-ship-owner had he examined the ears, eyes, skull, nose, and facial angle, instead of letting his eye be deceived, as most of us do, by a composite picture!

It may be stated without fear of exaggeration, that every man or woman at some time in their lives could have usefully applied the "spoken portrait," and to artists the Bertillon method will certainly come as a boon.

The appearance of the nose, brow, eyes, and hair, although necessary for the composition of a complete verbal portrait, is in reality secondary in importance to the lips, ear, and shape of the skull. A practised actor can introduce pads into the nostrils, a wig will hide the forehead, glasses will transform or cover the eyes, and nothing is so easy to alter as the colour or texture of the hair. It has been proved, however, that there is no method whereby a fugitive from justice can transform his lips, change the shape of his skull, or alter his ears; moreover, the shape of these features never varies from the cradle to the grave, although it is true that sometimes the expression of the mouth is unstable. The ears, the skull, and the lips are therefore the tangible synthesis of our ancestral inheritance; for each one of us represents the apex of a pyramid built by a million forbears.

Let anyone who is not convinced that *no two human faces are alike* spend half an hour in a Tube train and apply the method which has already been described partially, and which this chapter completes.

We have read from time to time descriptions of wanted men in the Press, where—quite seriously—not the features, but the hat, the tie, or the overcoat of a wanted man were enumerated! No doubt even the most simple novice was grateful for this warning and made haste to rid himself of such trifles. It would be more to the point if his facial and immutable characteristics were published, although the first thought such publicity must awaken in the wanted man is how to hide or alter these details. And when the description merely mentions hair, moustache, or colour of eyes, why, even a moderately clever man can discover a method of disguising them. But were a complete verbal portrait sent along the wires, or telephoned to every district, now that the British police are to have a system of telephone-boxes, such as the Americans have used for years, why, then the fugitive might indeed find concealment a difficult problem



DETECTIVE METHODS OF WHICH M. BAYLE WAS IN CHARGE AT THE SÛRETÉ: A CLASS FOR DETECTIVES AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE PARIS POLICE—DEMONSTRATIONS OF BERTILLON'S ANTHROPOMETRIC CHART (LEFT BACKGROUND) OF PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF CRIMINALS, ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS AND BLACKBOARD DRAWINGS.

The two illustrations on this page appeared in our issue of June 30, 1928, in conjunction with one of a series of articles by Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe on the scientific detection of crime. (See footnote on page 510.)

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A GERMAN WAR-SHIP VISITS CALIFORNIA: THE CRUISER "EMDEN," A NAMESAKE AND SUCCESSOR OF THE FAMOUS COMMERCE-RAIDER, ARRIVING AT SAN DIEGO. The cruiser "Emden," the first German war-ship to visit the Pacific coast for many years, is here seen entering the harbour at San Diego, California, recently, during a voyage round the world. She had been cruising in the South Seas, and before going to San Diego she visited Honolulu. The present "Emden" is commanded by Captain Von Arnaud de la Perier, and carries a crew of over 400 officers and men, with a few naval cadets.



A GERMAN WAR-SHIP VISITS THE NORTH OF ENGLAND: THE "ZIETEN" LYING ALONGSIDE THE QUAY AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. A large crowd of people at Newcastle-on-Tyne, as the above photograph shows, took a great interest in the arrival of a German war-ship, the "Zieten," which, our correspondent mentions, is engaged in fishery control for the German Navy. According to "Jane's Fighting Ships," she was formerly a mine-sweeper, and was converted into a fishery-protection vessel in 1924. She is 195 ft. long, with a displacement of 550 tons, and carries no guns.



FIRST AMONG BIG YACHTS THIS YEAR: LORD WARING'S "WHITE HEATHER" FLYING 25 WINNING FLAGS. In the big yacht-racing this year first place was secured by Lord Waring's "White Heather," with 25 flags, 4 more than her nearest competitor. She also won the only three Gold Challenge Cups, including that of the Royal Albert Yacht Club, which she has now won eight times. "White Heather" is the oldest of the yachts, except "Britannia."



THE EFFECT OF AVIATION ON PHILATELY: NEW AIR MAIL STAMPS OF SOUTH AFRICA, HOLLAND, MEXICO, SWITZERLAND, AND URUGUAY. Above we illustrate some of the new air-mail stamps described by Mr. Fred J. Melville in his article on page 520 of this number. He gives particulars of their designs.



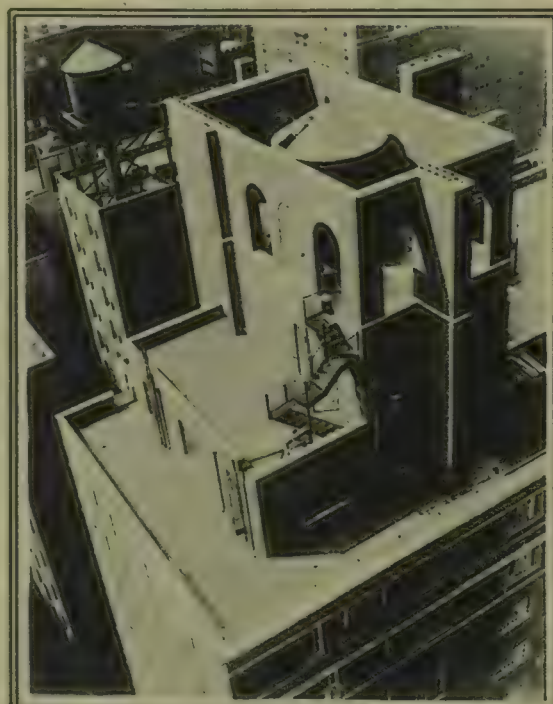
A "LINER" THAT CARRIES A CREW OF THREE: A REMARKABLE MODEL OF THE "COLUMBUS." This remarkable model of the North German Lloyd liner "Columbus" was recently constructed by a German engineer, named Bartsch, of Potsdam. It is about 40 ft. long, and can carry three people. The cost of building is stated by our correspondent to have been about £800.



THE "BUTCHERS' DANCE" AT HILDESHEIM: A PICTURESQUE FESTIVAL OBSERVED FOR 400 YEARS IN A GERMAN TOWN. The traditional festival of the Butchers' Court at Hildesheim took place there this year on September 8. The Butchers' Court is described as the most ancient guild house in Germany, and contains the finest examples of old panelling to be seen in that country. The festival, which has been observed for four hundred years, takes place in front of the historic building. One of its features is the "Butchers' Dance."



A REAL-LIFE PARALLEL TO AN INCIDENT IN "THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN": A DUMMY OF A MURDERED AMERICAN POLICE OFFICER. This photograph reaches us from the town of Charlotte, N.C., and bears the following descriptive title: "The Trial of the sixteen Gastonia Strikers for the murder of Police Chief Aderholt. The photograph shows a dummy of the slain Police Chief Aderholt, of Gastonia, who was shot during a strike riot, dressed in the clothes he wore on the night of his murder. The prosecution tried to put it in evidence, but was barred by the judge." It recalls an incident in the well-known play, "The Trial of Mary Dugan."



THE FIRST "ROOF-BUNGALOW" ON THE TOP OF A SKYSCRAPER: A NEW NOTE IN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE. "A new note in American architecture," writes a correspondent who sends us this interesting photograph, "is the construction of bungalows on roof-tops in crowded cities. The first one to be almost completed is that of Mr. Alfred E. Smith, the former Governor of New York. The photograph shows the nearly finished bungalow on top of the sixteen-storey house of 'Al' Smith." The American idea of a bungalow seems to differ somewhat from the type known in this country.

TOWNS TURNED INTO ISLANDS: INDUS FLOODS AT SUKKUR—AIR VIEWS.



THE MOST DEVASTATING FLOODS IN THE HISTORY OF SIND: A SCENE TYPICAL OF THOUSANDS OF SQUARE MILES OF FLOODED LAND, SHOWING A VILLAGE NEAR SUKKUR ISLANDED AMID A VAST EXpanse OF WATER—A VIEW FROM THE AIR OF ONE AMONG MORE THAN FIFTY VILLAGES IN THE PROVINCE, WHERE CROPS HAVE BEEN RUINED AND THE POPULATION RENDERED DESTITUTE.



SHOWING A CANAL (IN THE RIGHT-HAND TOP CORNER) AND POINTS AT WHICH IT BURST ITS BANKS, THROUGH THE FLOOD WATER FROM THE INDUS: A TOWN ENTIRELY SURROUNDED WITH WATER NEAR SUKKUR, WHERE THE GREAT BARRAGE WORKS ACROSS THE INDUS HAVE WITHSTOOD THE FLOOD.

These remarkable air views give some idea of the vast havoc caused by the floods in the lower Valley of the Indus, where aeroplanes have been used for relief work. The Bombay correspondent of the "Times" stated on September 8: "The Indus flood crisis is over at Sukkur, for the peak of what have been the most devastating floods in the history of Sind has now passed on downstream, leaving the Sukkur barrage works intact. Rohri also is safe. But the surrounding districts tell a different story. Thanks to the precautions taken by the authorities, no lives are reported lost, but over fifty villages, it is believed, are inundated. In many cases the inhabitants have been marooned and are now waiting for the floods to subside. There has been a great loss of cattle and much

damage to property, estimated at £37,500. On the Upper Sind frontier inhabitants refused to leave their villages, with the result that many village communities are isolated, and refugees from the floods are destitute. At one place, where a village formerly stood, there was a vast sheet of water, in which the railway embankment alone stood firm." Refugees flocked into Sukkur, where accommodation was found for them. A message of September 10 said: "The town and district of Hyderabad, Sind, are still in suspense." On September 13 it was reported: "In Lower Sind the passage of the peak of the Indus floods is causing record high levels in the river and along the canals. Breaches at many points have flooded the country on each side for miles."

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

WHEN Mr. J. B. Priestley ran "The Good Companions" (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.) into six hundred and thirty-five pages, he counted, rightly, on the appreciation of the leisurely reader. You cannot hurry over it; it is too meaty, too packed with whimsicalities and a compassionate interest in the odd fish. The characters trickle into the story. First comes Jeziah Oakroyd, a stocky Yorkshire working man, urged to vagabondage by the tyranny of a shrewish wife. Then comes Miss Trant, who, having a legacy burning in her pocket, escapes from the repressions of Hitherton-in-the-Wole in a two-seater. They fall in with Inigo



MR. T. S. STRIBLING,
Author of "Strange Moon."

Jollifant, who has defied the proprietor of Washley Manor school, and shaken the dust of the assistant-masters' common-room from off his feet. These are runaways, fleeing from bondage to the liberties of the open road. They overtake a bankrupt pierrot troupe, and Miss Trant adopts them all, and risks her legacy to finance the reconstituted party. Jollifant turns out to be an adept at writing catchy songs; Jess Oakroyd blossoms into the stage carpenter; and theatrical genius reveals itself among the professional members of the Good Companions, lately the Dinky Doos. The Good Companions have their ups and downs, and their spasms of disintegration, but grit and unexpected talent pull them through. Miss Trant is married off at the end; and that, we think, is a mistake, seeing that nature so plainly intended her to remain a free and happy spinster. It makes the end less good than the beginning. But, all the same, "The Good Companions" is a delightful book, large-hearted and richly diversified, and a very complete entertainment.

So much for life on the English road. Other novelists go farther afield. "Strange Moon" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.) by T. S. Stribling, plays in Venezuela. "The Fiddler" (Constable; 6s.), by S. G. Millin, is South African. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "The Maracot Deep" (Murray; 7s. 6d.) dives to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean; and "Lucky Star" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), by Owen Rutter, voyages into space. Mr. Stribling is cynically observant of Venezuelan officials, in the course of telling an excellent yarn that exercises the astringent quality of his art to perfection. An American concessionaire sets out to negotiate an oil deal with the high-born Don Ramón, taking with him a bag of golden dollars. He banks on the lure of cash down, but he is sadly out in the rest of his calculations. He loses the dollars, and narrowly escapes with his life. The South American atmosphere is subtly treated, and the whole romance is written with uncommon finesse. "The Fiddler" increases Miss Millin's already considerable reputation. As the study of an infatuation it is admirable. There is no dim recess in the souls of her unhappy lovers that she leaves unexplored. The rhythm

of her style and her powers of penetration are alike brilliantly employed in "The Fiddler," which should rank high in this year's fiction.

"The Maracot Deep" is more suited to schoolboys than grown-ups. A professor invents a steel chamber in which he and two companions sink to the ocean floor, which they find to be luminous and inhabited by the lost Atlanteans, securely waterproofed and maintaining a high standard of civilisation. Mr. Owen Rutter takes another leaf out of Jules Verne. In "Lucky Star" a little bit of Essex is detached from the earth by the passage of a



MISS SARAH G. MILLIN,
Author of "The Fiddler."

dark star, and it goes sailing off into space. The disturbance of gravity that troubled the exiles in "Hector Servanac" is only casually noticed by Little Shrimpton-in-Space, which is chiefly concerned with political levitation. It elects a President, forms a Cabinet, and gives itself over to furious party feeling. The satire is amusing, but birth control as a party issue rather misses fire. P. C. Wren's latest novel, "Soldiers of Misfortune" (Murray; 7s. 6d.), is said to

be founded on actual experience. If this be so, he is a much better hand at pure fiction. The prologue to "Soldiers of Misfortune" can be read on its own merits as a separate short story of the Foreign Legion, and the boxing matches are well done. The rest of the book is mediocre stuff.

Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny and Mr. William Locke have been indulging in the never-failing joys of hidden treasure. There is a literary coincidence here, both writers consigning the treasure to a similar safekeeping. "Ancestor Jorico" (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.) is handicapped by the elderly



MRS. L. ALLEN HARKER,
Author of "Black Jack House."

bore who spins the yarn. In one refreshing chapter he stands aside while a much more attractive individual relates how and where the pirate's treasure chest was found. Mrs. de Crespigny's "Riddle of the Emeralds" (Cassell; 7s. 6d.) is a remarkably good detective story. The riddle is a first-class riddle. The people are lively. The murder of Bertram Goodlake and the disappearance of the emeralds are ingeniously contrived. In fact, for efficient workmanship this more modest thriller deserves to be bracketed with "The Mystery of the Roman Hat" (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.) by Ellery Queen. The author of the Roman Hat mystery has created terrific entanglements, and masked the real murderer with immense elaboration. It is, certainly, a great detective story; but when all is said and done, something more astounding remains than the hiding of the hat and its discovery by Mr. Ellery Queen. And that is his account of the summary powers exercised by the New York police. Then there are what one may call the earnest novels. "Black Jack House" (Murray; 7s. 6d.), by L. Allen Harker, is not too serious, but serious enough. It is a temperate study of the effects of evading a prime issue. Mrs. Harker deals justly with John and Mimi, who married without a proper understanding about Mimi's illegitimate child. These things happen very much as Mrs. Harker makes them happen: she has idealised the atmosphere of

Mimi's home, but there is realism in the development of the plot. A difficulty was shirked, and the consequences fell most heavily on the vicarious sufferer.

It is a story of considerable charm. "Plain Sailing" (Mills and Boon; 7s. 6d.), by The Gentleman with a Duster, opens with a goody-goody flourish that is not sustained. The pious people are too platitudinous, and the naughty people are not sufficiently naughty to elucidate the author's original intentions. Moreover, the aristocrats are not less fundamentally vulgar than the out-and-out vulgarians, and that makes confusion in the lights and shades of "Plain Sailing."

Mr. W. B. Maxwell postulates the complete self-

knowledge of a hypocrite in "Himself and Mr. Raikes" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). It is possibly commoner than we suppose. In any case, the history of Mr. Raikes is depressing. The joyous humbug may be infuriating, but at least somebody is happy. It is only Mr. Maxwell's talent as a novelist that gives one the courage to endure Mr. Raikes to the end. He acts the hero so often that eventually the lines of courage and nobility are graven on his face. But then, what are the lines of courage and nobility? It will be seen that "Himself and Mr. Raikes" is a problem novel.

"The Waking Bird" (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.) also presents a human problem, but it is one that the psycho-analysts profess to read at sight. A boy's passionate devotion to his mother overlaps his first love for a girl. Result, of course, disaster, as any text-book could have told Penelope and Drusilla. However, Miss Gooldeen, being kind as well as intelligent, hints that the disaster is not irrevocable. This is an interesting novel, and it seems to call for a sequel.

And, to wind up with, we have Marjorie Bowen's "Dickon" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.), which

is amazingly in earnest about the white-washing of Richard III. The Tudors served their own interest when they painted him in unrelieved black, but as the angelic Dickon—his nickname—he is not a convincing character. The truth must be somewhere between the two extremes. The little Princes were still alive at Richard's death, according to Miss Bowen, and not merely alive, but safe and sound in his tender keeping. "Dickon" is a valiant performance, and engaging reading, but whether it will rehabilitate Richard in the history-books is doubtful.



MISS MARJORIE BOWEN,
Author of "Dickon."



MR. OWEN RUTTER,
Author of "Lucky Star."



MR. W. J. LOCKE,
Author of "Ancestor Jorico."



CAPT. P. C. WREN,
Author of "Soldiers of Misfortune."

"MECHANISM" IN MODERN WARFARE: NEW TYPES OF VEHICLES.



A LINE OF TRACTORS AND GUNS OF THE "WESTLAND" FORCE WAITING TO GO INTO "ACTION": AN INCIDENT OF A MIMIC BATTLE DURING THE RECENT ARMY TRAINING EXERCISES ON SALISBURY PLAIN, HELD WITH A VIEW TO TESTING NEW METHODS OF "MECHANISATION."



AN ANTI-TANK GUN "IN ACTION" DURING A "BATTLE" NEAR STOCKBRIDGE: A NEW TYPE REMARKABLE FOR ITS LENGTH.



GOING INTO "ACTION" DURING EXERCISES ON SALISBURY PLAIN: AN ANTI-TANK GUN, WITH ITS TRACTOR AND CREW, ADVANCING OVER ROUGH GROUND.



A TANK ADVANCING IN FACE OF A GAS-ATTACK: A STRIKING VIEW OF A MODERN WAR MACHINE.



MECHANISED "WAR" ON SALISBURY PLAIN: A FRONT VIEW OF A "DRAGON" TANK, WITH ITS GAS-MASKED CREW, CRUSHING THROUGH BUSHES.



SOME OF THE "LITTLE" "ONE-MAN" TANKS AND THEIR DRIVERS: A LULL IN THE "WESTLAND" OPERATIONS ON SALISBURY PLAIN.



AN INTERESTING NEW TYPE OF MOBILE LIGHT HOWITZER: A GUN CARRIED ON A VEHICLE AND DETACHED WHEN COMING INTO ACTION.

The recent Army training exercises, in the form of mimic battles and other operations, have been mainly designed to test various new types of vehicles and weapons used in the process known as "mechanisation." Among the experimental machines employed on the occasions above illustrated were mechanised machine-guns, anti-tank guns, anti-aircraft automatics, and a new and interesting 3.7-inch light howitzer, perched on a "kegresse" vehicle, from which it is detached to come into action. Tanks, of course, also played a part in these operations, as in the "battle of Suddern Hill," near Amesbury, on September 11. "The 'Eastland' tanks (says a "Times" writer) were taken in flank at close range by anti-tank guns, by 18-pounder field-guns, and by the long, high-velocity 20-pounder

guns of the Anti-Aircraft Brigade. . . . They still went on. (Tank-umpiring is impossible under such conditions; nothing can be heard above the roar.) Seeing them continue their advance, the 'Westland' medium tanks, concealed in the wood, came at great speed down the long slope to engage the 'Eastland' tanks. We watched a great *mêlée* in the valley below. Of the result under war conditions no one could judge." Further exercises were arranged for September 16 and 17, with a view to rigorous tests before standardising any new mechanical devices. It was the first time this year that whole battalions of tanks have been pitted against each other in an area wide enough for manoeuvre. "Mechanisation" is only being applied, at present, to part of the Expeditionary Force.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS: OLD AERONAUTICAL BOOKS AND PRINTS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

whose Life he preserv'd, and afterwards married her; his extraordinary conveyance to the country of Glums and Gawrys, or Men and Women that fly. . . Taken from his own Mouth, in his passage to England from off Cape Horn in America, in the Ship Hector."

Let us descend from the heights of romantic possibility and see what Walpole has to say. He is writing in June, 1785. "How posterity will laugh at us!" he says. "If half-a-dozen break their necks, and

breaking the shafts. George Cruikshank did a fine print in 1825 entitled "A Scene in the Farce of 'Lofty Projects' as performed with great success for the Benefit and Amusement of Jno. Bull." Fig. 1 is a characteristic print of the 1830's, when the steam-engine was about to transform the face of England. Its application to the air was quite seriously considered in some quarters. It will be noticed that in this case the intrepid aeronaut controls a tap by means of his spur.

Fig. 2 is a more serious record of achievement, and is the Bartolozzi print of "The Three Favourite Aerial Travellers. Vincent Lunardi, Esq., First Aeronaut in England, George Biggin, Esq., and Mrs. Sage, first English Female Aerial Traveller." Lunardi, an Italian, and later First Secretary to the Neapolitan Embassy in London, made his first ascent on Sept. 15, 1784, from the Artillery Ground at Moorfields, and landed in a field at Standon, near Ware. The distance was about twenty-four miles, and the journey occupied about two and a quarter hours. Incidentally the aeronaut was accompanied by his dog and cat. He descended first at North Mimms, gave his cat to a woman to look after, and then rose again into the air. His popularity was immense, and Lunardi bonnets and Lunardi garters immediately became the fashion. The ascent commemorated by this print was made in the following year. Mrs. Sage described the voyage herself in what is a very desirable pamphlet from a collecting point of view, entitled "A Letter addressed to A Female Friend." After an hour in the air, the balloon descended near Harrow, and Mrs. Sage got out. She writes that, on stepping out at the end of the journey, she relieved the balloon of "two hundred pounds of human weight," from which one may deduce that the artist has perhaps flattered, not her features, which by all accounts were exceedingly pleasant, but her figure. The balloon was saved from destruction at the hands of an angry farmer, who alleged damage to his crops, by the boys of Harrow School.

More general views of gaily coloured balloons, watched by thousands of onlookers and issued to commemorate the exploits of such famous English balloonists as Major Money, James Sadler, Arnold, and their contemporaries, are too numerous to mention here—nor does space allow any discussion of similar and not less entertaining prints from across the Channel.

HORACE WALPOLE, that jackdaw of a man, who was always picking up odds and ends of material or intellectual bric-à-brac, storing the former in his horrifying pseudo-Gothic mansion at Strawberry



FIG. 1. A COMIC PICTORIAL PROPHECY OF AVIATION IN THE EARLY DAYS OF STEAM: AN "AEROPLANE" (ON RIGHT) WHOSE PILOT CONTROLS A TAP WITH HIS SPUR; AND A SIMILAR MACHINE IN THE DISTANCE (TOP LEFT)—A PRINT DATING FROM THE 1830's.

Hill, and the latter in his genuinely eager and modern mind, has some entertaining things to say about the phenomenon which was then delighting and astounding Europe. It must be borne in mind that, after centuries of speculation, during which the majority of philosophers wasted time in endeavouring to prove that man might learn to fly by attaching wings to his person, the two brothers Joseph and Etienne Montgolfier, paper-makers of Annonay, near Lyons, discovered the principle of the balloon, and in June, 1783, made a public ascent to about 6000 feet. As a result of this notable achievement, the world promptly went crazy about ballooning, and had visions of easy and rapid transit from place to place, until it was pointed out that it was one thing to ascend, and quite another to arrive at the desired destination. It is scarcely necessary to remark here that the conquest of the air, whether in heavier-than-air or lighter-than-air machines, depended entirely upon the invention of the internal-combustion engine. The collector as such will find a great mass of material at his disposal if he cares to investigate the literature and pictorial records of the time. In this short note I can do no more than draw his attention to a few possible lines of approach.

First, there are memoirs and romances—some much earlier than the eighteenth century, such as Bishop Godwin's "Man in the Moone," 1638. The frontispiece of this rare book shows Domingo Gonsales sitting above the island of St. Helena in a remarkable contraption drawn by geese. The birds are really inhabitants of the moon, and fly back there in the ordinary course of their annual migration. Oddly enough, the fantastic notion of harnessing large birds such as kites or eagles to aerial ships, while dating back to remote ages (is not the chariot of Aphrodite, for example, drawn by doves?), was quite seriously discussed as a practicable proposal as late as 1835.

Another delightful romance appeared in 1751—"Peter Wilkins," by Robert Paltock. Here is the title-page—

"The life and adventures of Peter Wilkins, a Cornish Man: Relating particularly, His Shipwreck, near the South Pole, his wonderful Passage thro' a subterraneous Cavern into a kind of New World: his there meeting with . . . Gawry or flying woman,

balloonism is exploded, we shall be called fools for having imagined it could be brought to use: if it should be turned to account, we shall be ridiculed for having doubted."

An earlier letter—1783—bears eloquent testimony to the interest roused in the achievement of the Montgolfier brothers. "Do not wonder," writes Walpole, "that we do not entirely attend to the things of earth: fashion has ascended to a higher element. All our views are directed to the air." Later in the same letter the witty dilettante grows prophetic—how truly prophetic our own generation has learnt to its cost. This is what he says: "Well! I hope these new mechanic meteors will prove only playthings for the learned and the idle, and not to be converted into new engines of destruction to the human race, as is so often the case of refinements or discoveries in science. The wicked wit of man always studies to apply the result of talents to enslaving, destroying, or cheating his fellow creatures. Could we reach the moon, we should think of reducing it to a province of some European kingdom."

Apart from books, there remain a multitude of prints and caricatures of extraordinary interest, not to mention tickets of admission to various balloon ascents. The two illustrations on this page are very fair examples of the type of print it is possible to acquire at a modest expenditure. Cartoonists, political and otherwise, welcomed the balloon with enthusiasm. It is always easy to be funny over a new invention. There is a well-known print by Rowlandson dated 1811 entitled "Rural Sports. Balloon Hunting," in which, with his usual fine draughtsmanship and rather coarse humour, a weighty family is shown tumbling from a light cart, while the horse, frightened by a balloon, is plunging violently and



FIG. 2. A FAMOUS EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BALLOONIST TAKING UP "THE FIRST FEMALE AERIAL TRAVELLER": VINCENT LUNARDI, WITH MRS. SAGE AND GEORGE BIGGIN, ASCENDING IN 1785 IN A BALLOON WHICH HARROW BOYS SAVED FROM DESTRUCTION BY AN ANGRY FARMER—AN ENGRAVING BY BARTOLOZZI.

Both Illustrations by Courtesy of Messrs. J. Rimell and Son.

HOW PROFOUNDLY TRUE IT IS —

ALL GREAT THINGS COME FROM SCOTLAND!

To James Watt—a Scottish boy watching a singing kettle in a Scottish croft—we owe our Mauretania, our giant electrical generating stations, our clanging cities—and but one step removed—the railways of the world. For in spite of petrol engines and oil engines or electricity produced from water power, civilisation depends still for its transport and its work on steam. And like so many other things which have enriched the human race and made men happier, steam power was the invention of a Scotsman, the product of a vigorous, observant, endlessly painstaking Scottish mind.



WHO

SAYS

DEWAR'S?

ASK ALWAYS FOR DEWAR'S 'WHITE LABEL' SCOTCH WHISKY

The Way of the World Through Women's Eyes.

By "MILLAMANT."

New Vogues in Autumn Flowers.

is officially here. It was quite surprising to find oneself transported in a second from tropical sun-

The long Indian summer we have experienced this month makes it hard to believe that autumn is officially here. It was quite surprising to find oneself transported in a second from tropical sunshine to a blaze of autumn flowers and colourings under the roof of the Horticultural Hall. The Dahlia Show aroused great interest this year, and there were several successful women exhibitors. I confess I had no idea there were so many hundreds of varieties of this familiar autumn flower! One fine blossom, far larger than a chrysanthemum, and in an exquisite shade of pink tinged with mauve, has been christened "Princess Louise." "King Albert" typifies a kindred flower in a deep rich purple. "The Prince" is a vivid splash of crimson. Lady Denman returned from Scotland the night before, on purpose to open the Exhibition.

She herself is a keen gardener, and her grounds at Balcombe Place, Sussex, are justly famous for beautiful flowers. Her speech indicated how great an enthusiast she is about gardens, of which, in her opinion, "those in England are amongst the finest in the world." Certainly the romantic history of the dahlia is a good proof of the quick development of horticulture in this country. The first plants were brought here in 1789 by the then Lord Bute, British Ambassador to Madrid. He brought them from Spain, whence they had come from Central America, their natural home. To-day their descendants grow everywhere. A specialist has grouped them into more than a hundred varieties, springing from ten different types. There is even one dedicated to Flying-Officer Waghorn; a very up-to-date dahlia indeed, of a fine vivid scarlet. The cactus-dahlia, of which the "Princess Louise" is a notable example, is a particularly huge blossom, and has only been known in England for fifty years, although its varied descendants are now legion. At the Rose Show, "Peter Pan," in a peculiar shade of orange, aroused the greatest interest, but "Princess Elizabeth," small and sweet in a soft yellow tipped with pink, was the universal favourite. The decisions of several recent brides to carry bouquets of gladioli has caused that flower to emerge once more from comparative seclusion in the garden to the sunlight of popularity. And nothing further is needed to prove their triumphant return to fashion than the fact that two important new species are christened "King George" and "The Prince of Wales."

Women Adopt Photography as an Art.

Women are taking up photography as an artistic hobby, where before they spent their leisure moments in embroidery or mediocre music. Photography as an art is a new field for women to conquer, but here, too, they are quickly winning laurels. They have a decided *flair* for taking children and old people; their instinctive sympathy with the subjects is expressed miraculously in the finished photograph. Several fine examples of women's work from all over the world are shown at the Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS SHOW NOTABLE WOMEN IN NOTABLE FROCKS.

at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colour. By Miss Grete Back, of Dresden, is a remarkable study of an old professor, his face positively alive with intelligence. Another clever character-study is of a very old peasant woman, sent by Mrs. Minna Keene, of Ontario. I confess I expected something a little more startling from Chicago than the charming portrait of a chubby-faced child, but the most original women's camera picture comes from California, where Miss Florence Kemmler has photographed with extraordinary effects of light and shade, row upon row of oil-drums lying on a wharf, with the moonlight weaving strange patterns on them and on the water lapping the sides. Two fine portraits of women by women are those of Miss Helen Wills and Miss Anna May Wong, photographed by Miss Dorothy Wilding, of London. The progress which women have made in more scientific branches of photography is revealed at the International Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society. Though the number of women exhibitors is noticeably small, their work shows infinite care and finesse. There are three or four clever nature studies by Muriel Sedgwick, A.R.P.S., in the natural history section, and several colour slides, another departure for women, by Olive Edis-Galsworthy, F.R.P.S. Chief amongst these are a very good study indeed of the Prime Minister and another of an interior, showing a corner of a beautifully furnished room with a rich blue carpet in the foreground, in that peculiar shade which is only found in a genuine product of China.

Rival Furnishing Vogues in London and Paris.

London and Paris show an amusing contrast in their furnishing schemes just now. In Paris, you enter a beautiful apartment which has been recently redecorated, and you find yourself transported into a room of the Victorian era. It is, apparently, a whim at the moment to revive the green plush sofas, the velvet curtains, and portly furniture which have been so greatly admired and derided during the last century. The beautiful tapestries and china of that decade are also there, however, wherein perhaps lies the *raison d'être* of the revival. Meanwhile, London, surprisingly enough, is interested in all the most modern ideas in furnishing. The use of colour in furniture and on walls and ceilings, I have mentioned before. The lighting of such rooms is extremely interesting, for it must be absolutely original also, to harmonise with the room. Modern decoration depends so much on the effect of the whole, rather than on the beauty of individual pieces. In a flat which has

recently been redecorated in the most modern style possible, the corners of the walls and picture rails were first removed, curved ceilings and walls taking their place. A glass door leads into the drawing-room, where the walls are very dull gold, and the ceiling shaded bronze. The lights are disposed about the room, so that there is a soft illumination from each wall and none at all in the centre. The bulbs are hidden in tall glass cones from which hang square, green tassels. The fireplace has been completely removed, and in its place is a recess which is surrounded with marble, filled in with gold. In the centre is an electric fire which is there purely for decorative purposes and not for heat. When it is alight, the coals burn and flicker in exactly the same manner as a real fire, and the shadows dance against the background most attractively. Above, half-way up the wall, is cut a deep niche lined with gold, in which stands a beautiful little statue, thrown into relief by a hidden light. The dining-room has walls shaded from deep brown to pale café-au-lait, becoming lighter as they near the ceiling. The door and ceiling are shaded in the paler tints. The lights here are composed of a tiny side light above the serving table, concealed in a flat glass plaque against the wall, and in the centre of the room is suspended a curious flat square of glass in two tiers, which somehow conveys the idea of aeroplane wings in a Russian ballet.

CHECKS AND STRIPES OF BOLD DESIGN: MISS DU BOULON WEARING A STRIKING ENSEMBLE AT DONCASTER.

Very trim and tailored is this cardigan suit in a most unusual tweed, and a jumper knitted in a "modern design." It aroused much admiration at Doncaster.

A SMART SUIT FOR SEPTEMBER SUNSHINE: THE COUNTESS OF MINTO AT THE CHARITY FÊTE AT HER HOME.

The tropical heat we have experienced this month caused many problems in the world of fashion. Lady Minto solved one very happily by wearing this light-coloured suit and jumper with a shady felt hat, which has the new brim curving well down at the nape of the neck.



AN AMUSING CONTRAST IN MODES AT THE RECENT GIRLS GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS VALERIE BLACK AND MISS DIANA PLUMPTON IN BATTLE ARRAY.

The Girls' Open Golf Championship took place in the height of the heat wave, and caused the debut of several original hot-weather costumes. Miss Black set forth in a complete tennis outfit, minus stockings, and Miss Plumptre adopted this quaint little jumper boldly patterned in checks and squares.



"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"

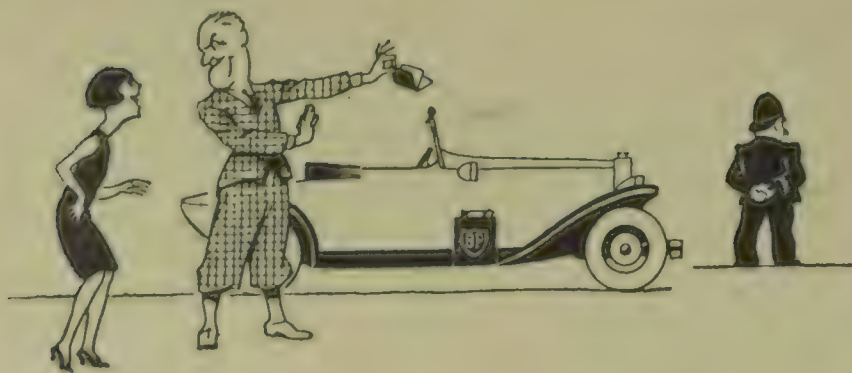


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CHONI — THE PLACE OF STRANGE FESTIVALS.

(Continued from Page 494.)

taels of silver (200 dollars). To expedite the reading of these voluminous works, 500 assembled lamas divide the pages, and each reads a portion of the text—a rather disconnected method, but apparently it matters little if the beginning, middle, and end are read at the same time. It is thus possible to read the 108 volumes of the Kandjur in a day.

"The first ceremony I witnessed at Choni was the Sunning of the Buddha. At daybreak, when all was hushed and peaceful, a lama climbed to the roof of a chanting hall a little below our quarters and struck a deep, sonorous note from a great gong. When the sound had died away he struck again, and let the last deep reverberation fade into the stillness of the dawn. After an interval of a few minutes, he pounded the gong rapidly to awake the slumbering monks.

"The monks quickly completed their sketchy toilet, of which the washing of hands or face is not a part, and rushed to the chanting hall to perform their morning prayers. Soon the deep bass voices of several hundred chanting lamas and an occasional ringing of bells and blowing of trumpets reached my abode. At ten o'clock the priests and monks filed out of the cold, dark chanting hall, slipped on their boots, arranged their red woollen garments, covered their shaven heads with peculiar helmet-shaped hats decorated with yellow ruffles on the crest, and marched outside the monastery and down to a small terrace of loess, where over a steep bluff was suspended a work of art representing Tunba Sha Chia To Pu, the Chinese Shi Chia Fu (called Djaka in India). This tapestry is more than 50 feet long and is at least 200 years old. The work is of heavy silk appliqué; the colours are soft and exquisite (see illustration, page 497.)

"Before the tapestry was arranged a table with offerings. Extremely youthful monks sat cross-legged on strips of carpet spread at the sides. A group of lamas surrounded a sort of throne, on which, beneath a large yellow umbrella, sat a dignified high lama dressed in yellow. All chanted in unison with six lamas clad in yellow silks, who stood around the table that held the offerings. Two others accompanied the chanting with cymbals.

"In the afternoon the ceremony shifted to the lamasery compound. An idol was placed in a wheel chair in front of the main chanting hall, a lama carrying behind it a multicoloured umbrella as a sign of rank. He was followed by a Living Buddha dressed in yellow, with yellow mitre. After chanting liturgies for a short time, they wheeled the image outside the lamasery gate. There all the monks remained and chanted."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A share in the support of the National Geographic Society's Yunnan-Tibet expedition is enjoyed by more than 82,000 residents of the British Empire, members of the Society. Membership throughout the world now numbers more than 1,200,000. The rapid growth of the National Geographic Society, a purely altruistic scientific organisation, is explained by the President, Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, as due to its freedom from political bias and to the rich return in "The National Geographic Magazine," which each member receives without additional charge, for the annual dues of 4 dollars.

A recent issue of the magazine devotes 105 pages to London, Devon, the English Lakes, and the Fenland. Fascinating articles are brilliantly illustrated with 46 natural colour photographs and 71 in monochrome. The localities thus presented may well expect a heavy influx of visitors, lured by the articles which, through the "Geographic," have reached practically a million and a quarter travel-minded families.

Though unendowed and self-maintaining, the Society supports much research and widespread exploration. Among its trustees are statesmen, scientists, and others of international reputation, including ex-President Coolidge, Chief Justice Taft, General Dawes (the American Ambassador), General Pershing, Dr. Grosvenor, Mr. George Otis Smith, director of the United States Geological Survey, and Mr. John Oliver La Gorce, associate editor of the magazine. The Society has always been one of the larger contributors to the expeditions of Commander Richard Byrd.

AIR MAIL STAMPS.

By FRED. J. MELVILLE, President of the Junior Philatelic Society.

(See Illustrations on Page 512.)

THE development of aerial transport for mails is being pursued with remarkable success abroad. In North and South America, especially, there is a network of international air mail routes spreading throughout the continent. The stamp-collector is kept in touch with these extensions of the air mails, as in most countries special stamps are issued for prepayment of air postage.

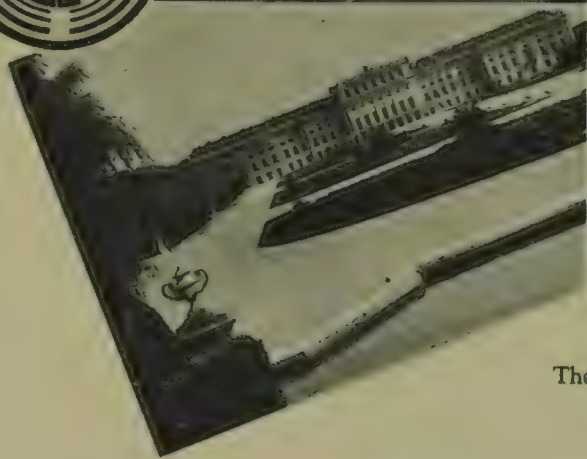
The issue of special stamps for this modern service undoubtedly helps to popularise these air-routes, and so make them profitable from the start. The United States Government has issued a number of aero-stamps, and has so greatly encouraged the collecting of them, and of "flown letters," that the Post Office has only to announce the opening of a new route for a deluge of 100,000 to 200,000 letters and cards to pour into the head post-offices at the terminals, to be conveyed by the "first flight" in each direction.

Up to five years ago, collectors of aero-stamps had only about 60 varieties of Government air-stamps to collect. To-day the number is in the neighbourhood of 500, and is increasing weekly. Within the past month or so, there have been new air-stamps from Australia, South Africa, Switzerland, Holland, the Dutch Indies, Chile, Ecuador, Paraguay, Uruguay, Mexico and China.

The Union of South Africa issued aero-stamps four years ago, but the air services simply to link distant points with the mail steamers at Cape Town did not pay, and were dropped. In August this year, a more ambitious scheme of air mails was commenced, and two new stamps, of the values 4d. and 1s., have just been issued for this service in the design illustrated.

Colonel Lindbergh has taken an active part in the blazing of the air mail trail in Mexico, Central America, the West Indies, and South America. Mexico has just produced two new series of air-stamps. One is a set to commemorate the Mexican "ace," Captain Emilio Carranza, who met his death on July 13 last year when flying back from an official trip to the United States, undertaken as a return courtesy for Colonel Lindbergh's goodwill visit to Mexico. That was only for temporary commemorative purposes, and is now replaced by a set similar in design, but with the Mexican eagle in the medallion in place of the portrait of Carranza.

Many of the new aero-stamps are of curiously interesting design. Switzerland's latest pictorial theme is a letter with wings soaring over the Alps. Holland shows an impressionist portrait of Mercury as an airman; Uruguay brings back the classic winged horse, Pegasus.



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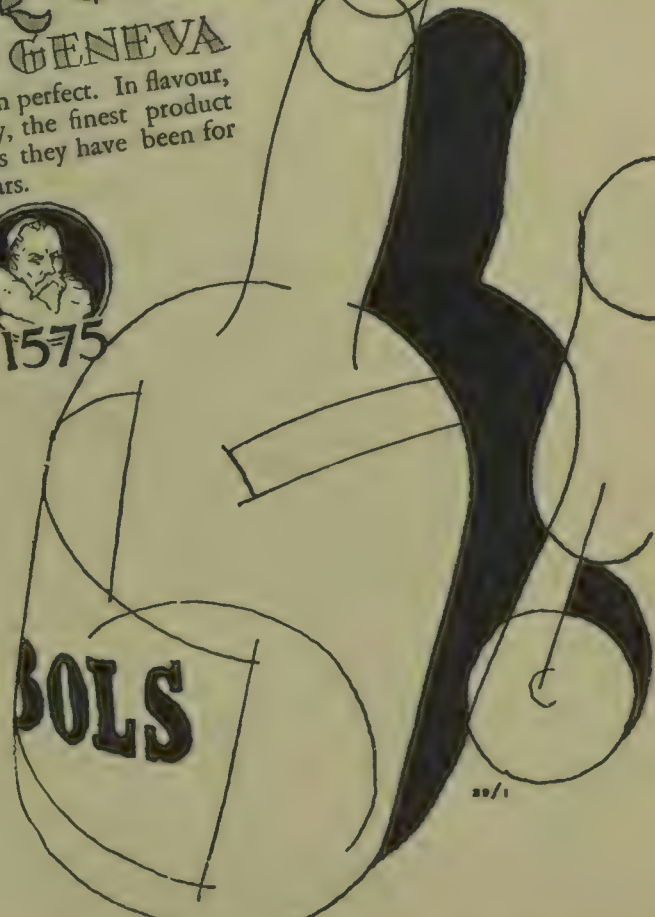
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BETTER CHEAP CARS FOR NEXT YEAR.

ONE or two makers of popular cars have, within the last week or so, made their annual announcements of their forthcoming models, and remarkably interesting reading they have been. It is only natural that every year we should get rather more for our money, whether we pay less for the same thing or the same price for a much-improved article, but this year it really seems as if, at all events in the really cheap classes, we are going to get the sort of car for which we should have paid double three years ago—at all events in coachwork and equipment. Which is all very much to the good.

"Safety" Glass.

Of the various "extras" which are no longer extras, the one everybody will welcome most is the fitting of unsplintering glass. There are doubtless many difficulties in the way, but I have always hoped to see one day the compulsory fitting of this glass, at all events in the case of closed cars. A great many of the cheaper saloons on the road to-day are of the all-metal type, capable of resisting considerable shocks in accidents, and in that respect they are a great deal safer than their predecessors of only a few years ago. Yet when one reads of a smash in which saloons are involved, it is, in nine cases out of ten, broken glass which causes the most serious damage. Unsplintering glass should be as much an essential of a modern car as adequate brakes.

By no means all the popular models are to be so equipped so far as I know at present, but it is evident that a serious beginning has been made in the right direction.

Better Brakes—

Talking of brakes reminds me that these, too, promise to be very much better for 1930 than they have been before. This desirable end is being reached either by the adoption of some form of servo action, or by the simpler expedient of larger drums. One or two of the new cars I have taken out have had really remarkably good brakes of a kind which one could only have expected to find in cars of a very much higher price.

—and Labour-Saving Finish.

The adoption of chromium-plating has spread rapidly, which I hope may be taken for a sign that the process has been considerably improved. Its convenience from the point of view of the owner-driver with a small income is unquestioned, but many of the cars which have been finished in this way have not kept their first freshness very long. I know nothing of the process itself and cannot judge of the difficulties of producing a really lasting untarnishable coating, but there is no doubt that so far it has not been uniformly successful. A good many people object to the bluish, rather cheap-looking, appearance of chromium-plating, and its lack of wear qualities has certainly retarded its popularity. It takes a very short time, however, for us to get used to most things in motor-cars, and, provided the

job is properly done, it will not be long before even the best nickel-plating will seem old-fashioned in our eyes.

About Instrument Boards.

Instrument boards in the new cars are so well done now that in more than one case they are pretty well as good as those in the most expensive cars. The dials are perfectly matched (only a year or two ago even on very costly machines they were apt to be rather an odd lot), and, in addition to being very neatly grouped, are, as a rule, indirectly illuminated. A workmanlike instrument board does not make your car go any better, but it makes you like it very much more, and increases that pride of possession which is so powerful a factor in inducing you to forgive drawbacks in other directions, usually inevitable in the cheapest types. In addition to this attractive feature, the excellence of the instruments themselves adds greatly to the satisfaction of the poor man, who for a long time has been accustomed to put up with shoddy stuff, and with an indifferent efficiency.

The New Citroën "Four."

A cheap car of this type, although at the moment of writing not the cheapest of its class on the market, is the new 13-30-h.p. Citroën four-cylinder saloon. This is a re-designed edition of the old 12-h.p., and is certainly a great improvement on it. The bore and stroke of the engine are 72 by 100, which means a £13 tax, and there is plenty of power available from it. I found that over fifty miles an hour can be reached and held fairly easily, and that without undue noise or vibration. Indeed, there is very little crankshaft period at any speed, and, as the second of the three speeds is unusually quiet in operation, it makes the car a really comfortable one to drive in a hilly country. There is none of that fuss and uproar, at one time common to nearly every cheap car, to tempt the driver with sensitive ear and feelings to hold on to top speed too long. Lateral valves are used, and the engine is of orthodox design. It is accessibly arranged, the distributor of the coil and battery ignition being mounted on top. This ignition has automatic advance and retard, and no hand-control is fitted—which is rather a pity. An air-filter forms part of the equipment.

The Three Best Points.

The three best features of the Citroën on the road are its road-holding, its suspension, and its brakes. You can corner fast with perfect safety, drive over really very bad surfaces without being seriously bumped, and pull up the car without violence in a very confidence-inspiring manner. The brakes have a vacuum servo action, and are remarkably powerful. The engine turns over almost inaudibly when running idle, and, as I said, does not make too much noise when under load. I found that the cruising speed is something like 35 to 40 miles an hour, a pace which can be kept up hour after hour in absolute comfort. Changing speed is fairly easy, but the gear-lever has rather too long a travel for my taste. The car climbs well, and showed up very creditably on the most difficult of my particular test hills. From a standing start it took a hill which has a maximum gradient of one in seven at the top, at a minimum speed of eleven miles an hour on second gear. It is decidedly flexible on top speed, and those who have a rooted objection to keep changing should have very little to do in this way on most main roads.

Sound Bodywork.

The bodywork, which is of all-steel construction, is a four-door, four-window saloon of comfortable proportions for four good-sized people. Considering the price—£255—one cannot grumble at the finish of the upholstery, which in any case is tidy, if not beautiful. The seating is as comfortable as could be expected. As I said, this is not the cheapest car of its power on the market, but it is a good example of how greatly a mass-produced car at about this price has been improved. Other models cost a little more up to £315 for the Weymann saloon. The sportsman's coupé, by the way, is a genuine Weymann. JOHN PRIOLEAU.



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A GOLF CLUB IN A FAMOUS CHATEAU.

"The Château des Dames" Club-house.

Golf is becoming more and more popular in France. No longer is one limited to links by the sea, their inception due chiefly to the needs of the English visitors. Every year, new clubs are springing up inland for the benefit of the French themselves and the residents in that country. The latest is the beautiful Golf Club de Rheims, of which the club-house is the famous old château photographed on this page, formerly known by the picturesque name of "Château des Dames de France."

This château, and the magnificent lands surrounding it, have been taken by a Société Anonyme, who have constructed there a good golf-course, and transformed the old château into a most luxurious club-house. The many comfortable rooms are equipped with all modern improvements and the cuisine is excellent. It is situated in the charming old village of Gueux, which is a few miles out of Rheims, and is easily accessible by several good roads.

The History of the Château des Dames.

and afterwards destroyed by the troops of the

The first château, which occupied the same site, was built in the twelfth century,

The château gave hospitality to the Kings of France when they were crowned at Rheims. For some considerable period, it was "Mesdames de France," the sisters of the King, who sheltered there and originated the name of the Château des Dames de France, which has lived to this day.

It is this historical property which has been acquired by the Société de Golf de Rheims, and the Committee has taken care to preserve the ancient character of the château, while equipping it with every modern luxury.

The Great War completely destroyed the original, but the new building has all the dignity and beauty of the old. It has taken a long time to complete, and the land has had to be given a new system of irrigation to keep the golf course in perfect condition. In spite of the severe winter we experienced, however, the greens and fairways are in perfect condition, and one would have to journey a long way before finding a golf club in such charming surroundings as the Vallée de la Vesle and the distant hills which encircle the course.



THE FAIRWAY TOWARDS THE FIRST HOLE AT THE GOLF DE RHEIMS; BEAUTIFUL SCENERY AND A WELL-TENDED COURSE.



THE CLUB-HOUSE DOMINATING THE GOLF COURSE: ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE FINE "CHATEAU DES DAMES DE FRANCE." THE CHATEAU HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A MODERN GOLF CLUB.

A HISTORICAL CHATEAU NOW A GOLF CLUB: THE "CHATEAU DES DAMES DE FRANCE," NEAR RHEIMS.

Archbishop of Rheims in the following century. It was rebuilt by Raoul de Vendières shortly afterwards, who preserved a part of the battlements, including two powerful towers defending the drawbridge. At the time of the Revolution, the château suffered several attacks, but there are nevertheless certain parts still standing, including the drawbridge flanked by the towers, and a vast room, completely preserved, where, it is said, Jeanne d'Arc lodged at the time of the coronation of Charles VII.



A VIEW OF THE BEAUTIFUL CHATEAU CLUB-HOUSE OF THE NEW GOLF COURSE AT GUEUX, A FEW MILES FROM RHEIMS. IT HAS BEEN EQUIPPED WITH THE LATEST MODERN LUXURIES INSIDE.



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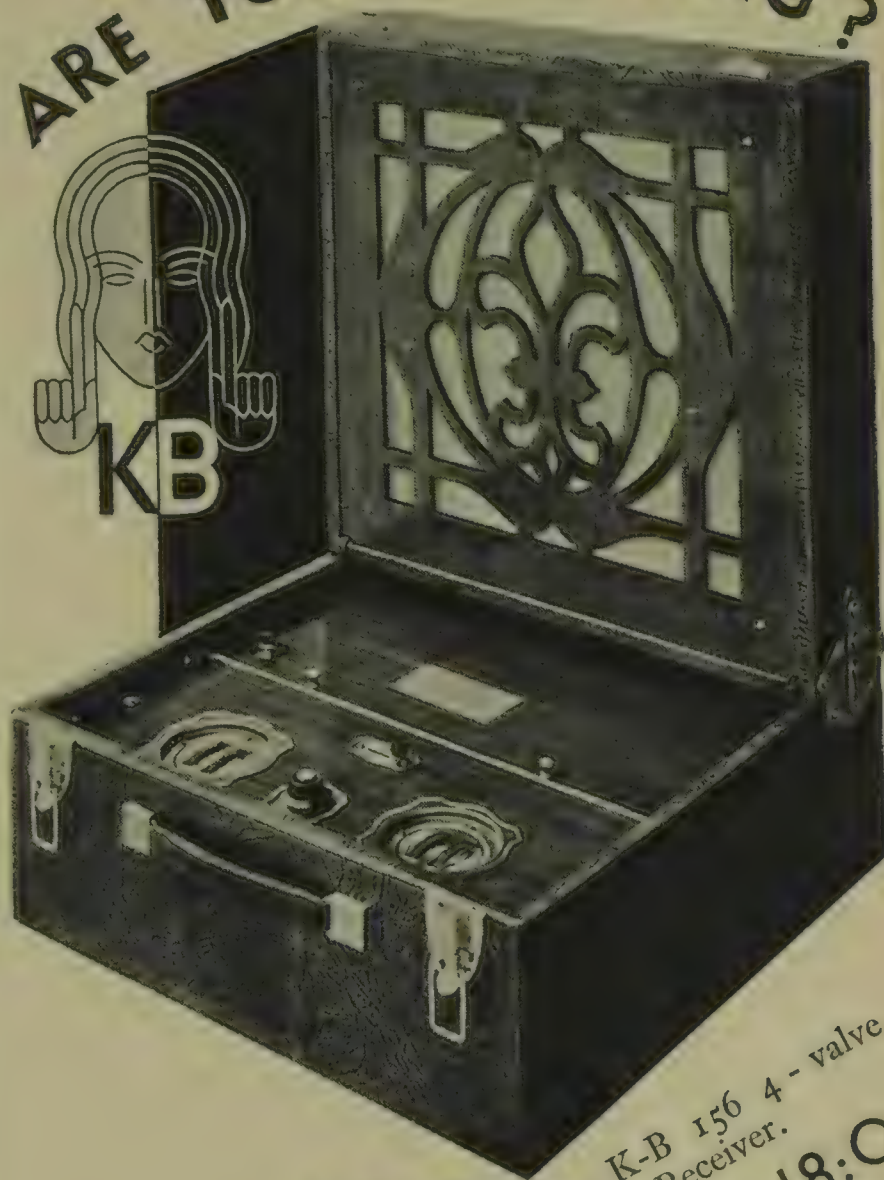
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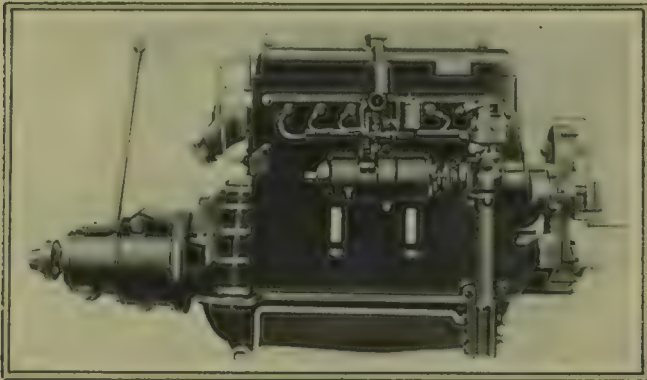
County



FROM the user's point of view the outstanding feature of this year's Shipping Exhibition, now being held at Olympia, is the all-round reduction of prices of marine engines and boats, or, perhaps I should say, the extra value for money that is offered. Few firms have made a greater advance in this respect than Messrs. Hyland, Ltd., of Wakefield (Stand No. 18). I have watched the rapid improvement in this company's boats and engines for some time, and can truthfully say now that they are well worth the consideration of those in search of vessels at a moderate price. The range of craft offered is very extensive, from a 50-ft. twin-screw ocean-going cruiser for £2250, completely equipped, or a 45-ft. twin-screw cruiser for £1500, down through the 35-ft., 30-ft., 26-ft., 23-ft., and 20-ft. classes at prices down to £195.

The general lay-out of the Hyland 50-ft. cruiser approaches very near to the "ideal rich man's boat" that I published in these pages a year ago, and so does its price, so my interest has been aroused. I have refrained, however, from mentioning it until I received good reports of its behaviour in private hands. Their hulls are all more or less standard "stripped chassis," that can be finished off to any accommodation plan desired. This method, in my opinion, is the only true way to standardise pleasure boats in this country. The list of fittings supplied with Hyland boats is very complete, and the same applies to both their engines. Messrs. Hyland are perhaps best known, however, as the makers of the Hyland-Clark hydraulic engine-driven windlass, and they deserve to be, for this fitting is obviously the best means for heaving up the anchor, and many are the aching backs and bad tempers it has saved in consequence.

To inspect the stand of an agent, as opposed to that of a manufacturer, at an exhibition of this sort, is always interesting, for it contains the products of many firms. That of Mr. Arthur Bray



THE MORRIS 18-50-H.P. "COMMODORE" UNIT: THE STARBOARD SIDE, SHOWING DYNAMO, DISTRIBUTOR, WATER - PUMP, CARBURETTER, AND THE TWIN OIL - PUMPS.

(No. J 10) is no exception. As he is the representative both in this country and France for Chris-Craft boats, a model 5, 26-ft. eleven-seater runabout is shown, similar to the boat that the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce used when she broke the record from Dover to Calais and back. It is fitted with a Kermath six-cylinder 200-h.p. engine, which gives it a speed of 42 m.p.h.; and it sells, with every conceivable accessory, for £935. A smaller 22-ft. model, to seat nine passengers, fitted with a six-cylinder 106-h.p. "Imperial" Chrysler engine, is also on view at a price of £630. In addition there are surfboards, life-saving jackets, and fenders to be seen on this stand; but by far the most interesting exhibit, to my mind, is the Konig-Bray outboard engine; it is the smallest unit of its sort that I have ever seen, and weighs only 16 lb. I have not heard it running, but am told it is not noisy, in which case it should be ideal for punts and canoes, and for river work generally. It costs only 14 guineas, so should sell in very large numbers.

On a second stand (H 13) Mr. Bray shows a 24-ft. Chris-Craft, and one of the British Power Boat Company's safety dinghies that have become so popular. I should like to know the speed of one of these boats when fitted with a Konig-Bray outboard, for the combination appears ideal, though

MARINE CARAVANNING L.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN.

perhaps for use in small cruisers the Bray Portaboat, which folds up, may hold attractions.

A stand that should not be missed is that of Morris Motors, Ltd., who, with their four-cylinder 12-24-h.p. "Navigator" engine at £100, and their new six-cylinder 18-50-h.p. "Commodore" model, prove that they seriously intend to invade the marine-engine market. Two weeks ago I wrote of the first boat to be fitted with the latter model; she was built by Messrs. Vosper and Co., of Portsmouth, for demonstration purposes. This boat has



THE AUXILIARY YACHT "MARIPOSA," WHICH IS FITTED WITH A PETTER ENGINE.

Old sailing-vessels of this type are likely to become more popular as a means of saving the fuel bill.

been brought to London for this purpose during the period of the Exhibition, and can be tried at any time.

Some months ago, and before they introduced their first marine engine, I was invited to the Morris engine works to criticise their four-cylinder model from the point of view of an owner. I heard afterwards that many others had attended for the same purpose previously. My opinion of the engine at the time was not flattering, but it seems that my remarks were all noted down, for I can find no trace of the points I disliked in the model as produced to-day. Such a policy affords proof, if any is needed, that the thoroughness of this firm, which they have proved as regards their motor cars, will be continued in connection with their boat engines. I have heard rumours that Sir William Morris doubts whether the world market for boats is big enough for the sort of production he likes: this may be true if engines only are produced in this

country, but if complete "stripped hulls" are turned out, with engines in them, at some central depot in the East, the demand for them would be enormous, both for pleasure and utility purposes.

A good engine is all-important in a boat, but it must have an efficient and silent reduction gear if the best propeller efficiency is to be obtained. Many engines suffer in this respect, but fortunately, as their builders will sell them separate from their reduction gear, the prospective owner is at liberty to choose others, in which case I suggest an inspection of the

Burn Transmission gear on Stand H 4. This gear has no toothed wheels, chains, or pinions, and is absolutely silent and vibrationless, whilst its efficiency is stated in the report of the National Physical Laboratory to be 98 per cent., which is truly remarkable. There seem to be few things that this gear does not do; it can combine, for example, the duties of a reduction, reverse, and variable speed gear, as well as those of a clutch and thrust block. It is used extensively by the Admiralty

and other Government departments, as well as the R.N.L.I., which alone is sufficient to prove that it is both soundly designed and constructed in every way. Many different applications of this gear are shown, and all of them are worth a close inspection by those interested in boats of any description.

I see that one of the firms that will sell their engines separate from their reverse and reduction gear, namely, the Ailsa Craig Motor Company, are much to the fore at this Exhibition. In addition to their old models, which have been improved in many small details, they have produced two new ones that look interesting. The first is a light-weight "baby" of 4-6 h.p., with horizontally opposed twin cylinders. It is only 24 inches long and 12 inches high, and weighs 1 cwt. It should make a very care-free unit for small boats and dinghies, for, like most of the Ailsa Craig engines, it looks impervious to water, as indeed it must be, for it has been designed so that it may be installed in restricted spaces in the bottoms of vessels, where, of course, water collects. At a price of £48 it appears to me to be cheap.

At the other end of the scale, this firm show a new high-powered model, type LV.4. This is a 60-100-h.p. unit, with four cylinders, and is interesting, amongst other things, because it has only four instead of the usual six cylinders found in similar powered units. Its outward appearance is remarkably clean-looking even for an Ailsa Craig, yet every part that matters is accessible. The whole engine gives me the impression that it has been designed with an eye on the utility market, more than one on pleasure craft. If I am correct I congratulate the firm, for they have chosen wisely the largest market of the near future. For those who are interested in such things I may say that this engine has a dry sump and a sound oil-cooling system. I am keen on both these points in a boat, though I know of many high-class engines without them that I would not hesitate to recommend.

Lack of space prevents me from dealing with many other exhibits, such as the new heavy oil Gleniffer engine and the well-known Kelvin, so I must rely on the observation of visitors to discover them unaided; if they do so they will be well rewarded. The gallery, however, must not be omitted, for in Section C C No. 3 will be found the Exide Batteries exhibit. As everyone knows, faulty batteries can spoil a holiday afloat, and in order to avoid such an occurrence I advise a call at this stand, and an application for the interesting brochure that has been prepared by the firm on the use of batteries afloat; it is written by those who supply submarine batteries



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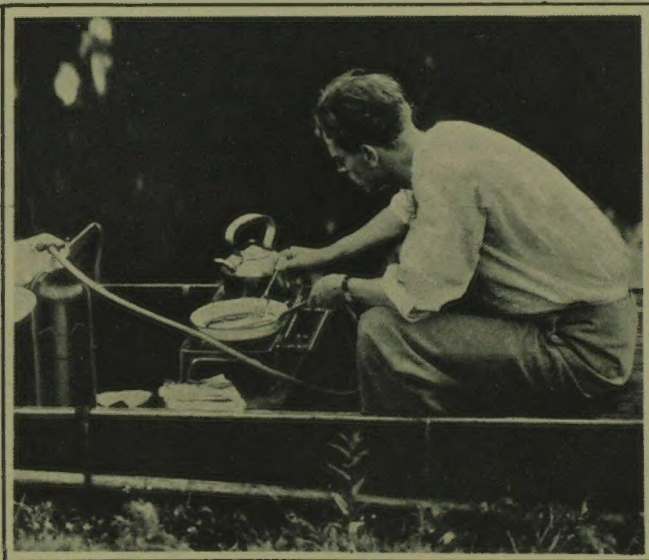
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(Continued from Page 504.)

about two-thirds of the way down, passing over a bridge. Of the latter, and of the actual attachment of the strings, the decay of the wood has destroyed all traces. The gold bull's head is perhaps the finest work of art yet found in the cemetery. The right side of it was absolutely intact; the left side was crushed, and has been pressed out so far as it was possible to do this without cracking the metal.*

Work on the "Ram Caught in a Thicket" was of a rather different sort. Of the twin statues, one, pictured here as it was found, had been pressed absolutely flat; the other was broken into several pieces and distorted, but luckily one side of its body had not been crushed, and preserved the original curve and fulness. Here again wax and muslin had to be used to keep the object together. The head and legs of the figure had been carved in wood and plated with very thin gold-leaf, the ears and lapis horns and eyes being fixed by copper rivets going right through the wood of the head. The finished limbs were morticed into a rough wooden body, which was then rounded off with plaster-of-Paris and coated with bitumen, and into the bitumen were fixed the separate *lessere* of white shell and lapis which make up the fleece; the belly was of silver plate laid over the wood. The tree was of wood covered with gold-foil, which was used double for the leaves and flowers; the base was of wood covered with pink-and-white mosaic above, and its edges were plated with silver. All the wood had disappeared; the plaster was in powder or in shapeless lumps, and the bitumen also powdered; the gold-foil of the face was broken into

eighteen pieces, all flattened and folded together, and the hollow tubes of the legs were split and bent; the branches of the tree fortunately kept their shape remarkably well. The silver-work was completely decayed, and only the wax prevented it from falling into dust.

In the field, the figure was waxed and covered with muslin on the outside to keep it together. In the laboratory the earth and plaster and bitumen dust was cleaned out from the inside, and the inner face of the *lessere* of the fleece exposed, and wax and muslin were applied to the inside. The head and legs were taken off, the outer muslin removed, and by applying gentle heat I was able to press out the crushed flank of the animal until it matched the intact flank, without dislodging the shell and lapis locks of hair from the interior skin of waxed muslin. By inserting fine tools down the tubes of the legs, it was possible to straighten these and to press out the crushed metal; then copper wires were put down them, and a mixture of hot wax and bitumen poured in to solidify them. The head presented greater difficulties. Each tiny fragment of gold-foil had to be heated and pressed out to its original curve and strengthened from the back, and then the broken edges had to be fitted together in such a way that the curves of the surfaces were continuous, and a fresh backing applied to fasten the two bits together. It was a jigsaw puzzle in three dimensions, but at last all the pieces were joined up, and, to my no small surprise, the result was a ram's head which, with no more than a pardonable distortion, was the work of the Sumerian craftsman. The head and body were filled in with plastic wood into which the wires of the legs were fixed. Since the decay of the silver had left no guide for the under-part of the body, this was left unmodelled, and was painted with a mixture

of aluminium and silver chloride to give something of the effect of the metal. The trunk of the tree was made to measure in wood, and into it were fixed copper wires bent to the curve of the original branches, and the broken bits of gold tubing were removed from the block of earth and wax one by one, and transferred to this new core; and finally beast and tree were mounted on the reconstructed wooden base.

The statue is not so good now as it was five thousand years ago; it is a very ragged and dishevelled thing compared to what it was when it left the Sumerian workshop, and if it were now taken to pieces and remade it would doubtless do more justice to the original. But in that case it would be more in the nature of a modern copy; as it is, so far as the conditions of its burial allow, it is the original thing: the locks of the fleece which the first maker set together in order have never been taken apart; the gold has been pressed out but not re-worked; and, though thereby it may suffer as a thing of beauty, it gains as a document for the study of ancient art.

In connection with our illustrations from Professor Blossfeldt's "Art Forms in Nature" (in our issue of Aug. 31), we quoted from his book the extent to which each of his photographs of parts of plants had been enlarged to produce the impression of an artistic design. It should have been stated that our reproductions from his plates were on a reduced scale, being (roughly) about half the size of the originals, although, of course, representing accurately enough, on this smaller scale, the general "art design" effect of his enlargements of photographs taken straight from Nature.

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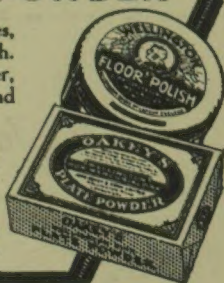
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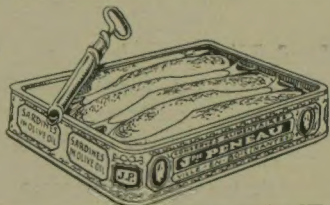


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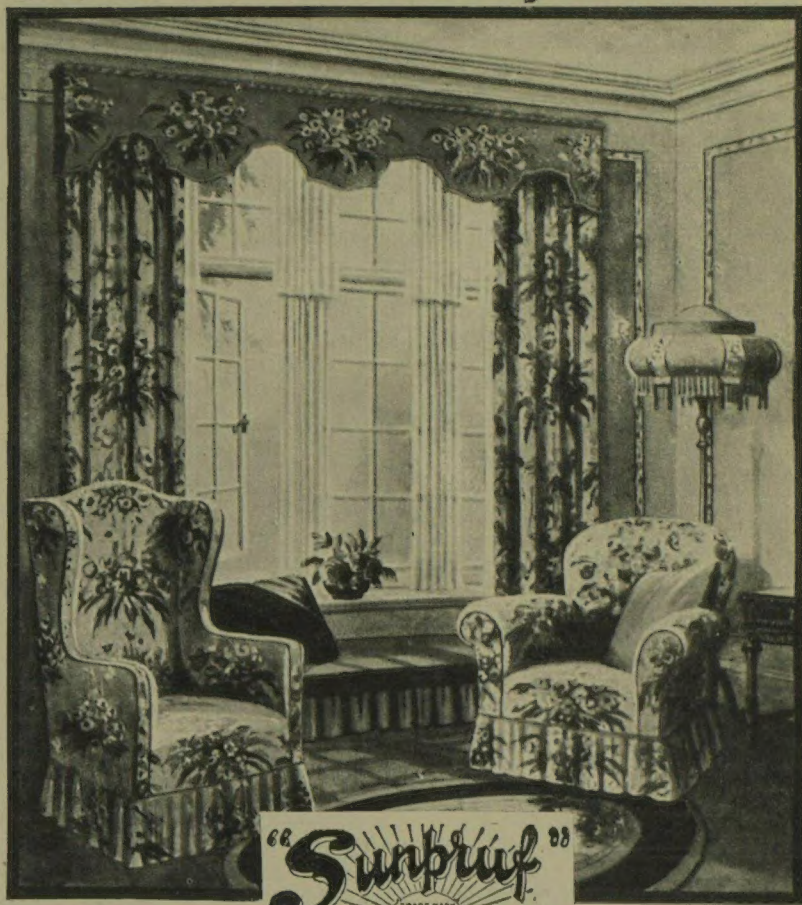
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BOGOLJUBOW DEFIES THE LIGHTNING.

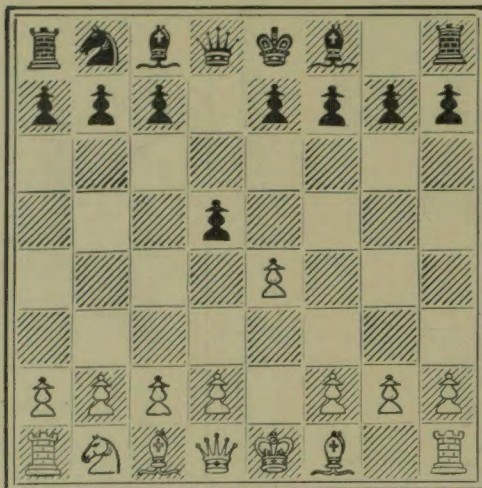
From the distant days when the opening was known as the Aleppu gambit—because of Stamma, who practised it there—it has been axiomatic that the player who tried to hold the Gambit pawn in the Queen's Gambit accepted would fall upon evil times, the happenings generally including the loss of the Queen's Rook. There have been many internal alterations to the opening since Stamma's day, and no doubt Bogoljubow imagined he had evolved a method of preserving the loot with impunity, but Alekhin, employing positional pressure in place of the old tactical threats, strangled him neatly, Black's QR square remaining as ever his vulnerable point. The game which we give below, the first in the championship series, practically explains itself.

(Queen's Gambit.)

WHITE (Alekhin.)	BLACK (Bogoljubow.)	WHITE (Alekhin.)	BLACK (Bogoljubow.)
1. P-Q4	P-Q4	18. B-B4	B-Kt2
2. P-QB4	P-QB3	19. B-Kt3	K-K2
3. Kt-KB3	P×P	20. B-Q6ch	K-Q2
4. Kt-B3	P-K3	21. Castles(K)	P-B4
5. P-QR4	B-Kt5		
6. P-K4	Kt-Q4		
7. B-Q2	B×Kt		
8. P×B	P-QKt4		
As Black has a Kt on the long diagonal, he ventures to defend the Gambit pawn.			
10. Kt-Kt5	P-B3	22. B×BP	B-Q4
11. P×BP	Kt×KBP	23. P×P	P×P
12. B-K2	P-QR3	24. R×R	B×R
13. B-B3	P-R3	25. R-R7	Kt-B3
		26. Kt-K5ch	Black resigns.
Fatally weakening the K side, which now becomes completely tied up.			
14. B-R5ch	Kt×B		
15. Q×Ktch	K-Q2		
16. Kt-B7	Q-K1		
17. Q-Kt6	R-Kt1		

GAME PROBLEM No. XXXI.—By E. C. MORTIMER (CHITTLE-HAMPTON).

BLACK (15 pieces).



WHITE (15 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: rsbqkbir; pppipppp; 8; 3p4; 4p3; 8; PPPPiPPP; RSBQKBiR.]

This amusing puzzle is taken from Mr. T. R. Dawson's corner in the *Chess Amateur*. The opening has evidently been a sort of double Knight's gambit. White has just made his fifth move; and our readers are invited to give the moves on both sides from the beginning of the game by which the position in the diagram might have been arrived at. There are two methods, both recalling the aphorism, "Things are not always what they seem." Will solvers please say if they approve this kind of puzzle as an occasional variant?

SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. XXIX.

{3qk3; 4p3; 5pK1; 5P2; 3p4; 7r; 2Q4P; 8; White to play and draw.]

Morphy played 1. QB6ch; if now Black interposes the Q, White continues 2. QR8ch, and draws by perpetual check. If Black prefers, 1. — KB1; then 2. Q×Pch!; and if Black captures the Queen White is stalemated.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 4049 from H Price (Pretoria); of No. 4052 from E U Hawken (St. Louis); of No. 4053 from J W Smedley (Brooklyn), Senex (Darwen), and Chas. Willing (Philadelphia); of No. 4054 from H Richards (Brighton); of No. 4055 from T C Evans (Brixton), T G Collings (Hulme), and H Richards (Brighton).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF GAME PROBLEM No. XXIV. from H Price (Pretoria); of Game Problem No. XXIX, from D Hamblen (Newton, Mass.), J W Smedley (Brooklyn), and Chas. Willing (Philadelphia); of Game Problem No. XXX, from Senex (Darwen), E Bowen Birch (Manchester), and H Richards (Brighton).

Very few correct solutions have been received of the latter problem. Several readers suggest KRsq as a bad move for Black, which, indeed, it is; but there is a worse one, and he made it.

CHESS IN LONDON.

The unfortunate dispute about the Insull Cup has been finally settled by annulling the match altogether, so that leaves London two up and awaiting a challenge from an American city.

M. Sultan Khan, champion of Britain and India, will face 40 London players on Sept. 28, at 3 p.m., at Grosvenor House, W. The "display" has been arranged by the Imperial Chess Club, and is for the benefit of St. Dunstan's.

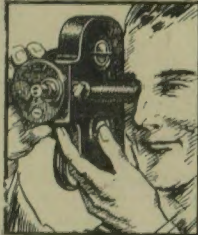
Sir George Thomas has put up a splendid performance at Budapest against strong opposition, his score being creditable alike to himself and the City of London Club, of which he is champion.

The "Referee" Chess Club, organised by Mr. Hatton Ward, prospers exceedingly, and has entered the London League (2nd Division) and the Eastman Cup. Its progress will be watched with interest, since it is the only competing club brought and held together by a newspaper column.

Mr. Brian Harley is to be the judge of a composing tourney (two-move direct mates) announced by the *West Sussex Gazette* (Arundel), so that competitors are assured of an impartial and unbiased judgment, unhampered by fads and prejudices.

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